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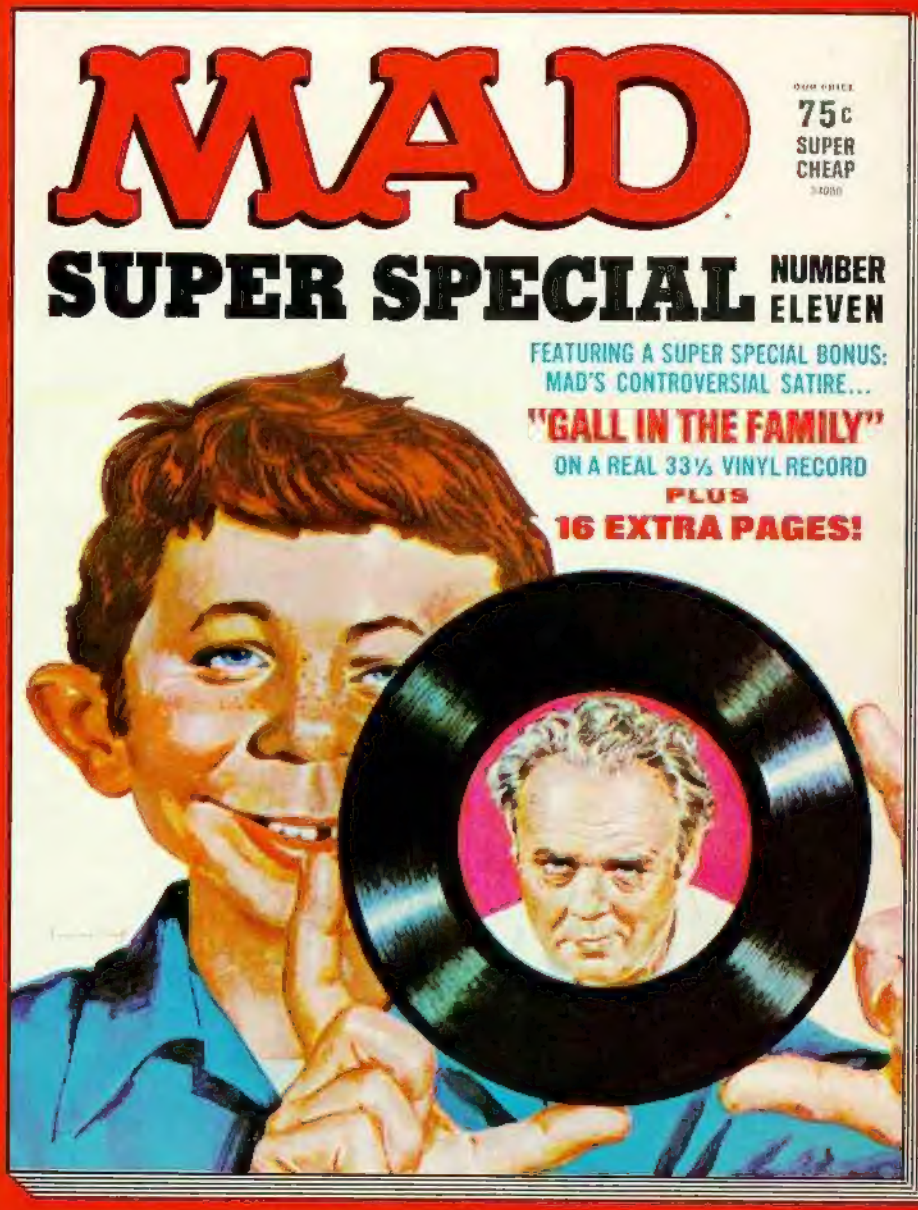

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NUMBER 162 OCTOBER 1973

MAD

"The great advantage of compact cars is that you can get twice as many of them into traffic jams!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Oct. 1973, Volume 1, No. 162. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1973 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

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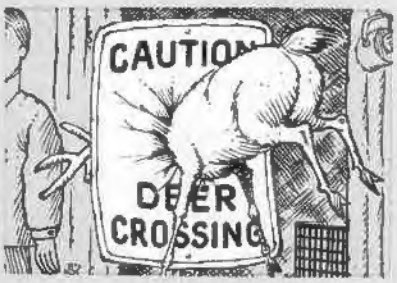
VITAL FEATURES

THE HEARTBURN KID (A MAD MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 4



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LETTERS DEPT.

GOING THY WAY, GOING WAY OUT

I suspect that writer Lou Silverstone is no more Vaticanesque than I, but his "Going Thy Way" reflected a knowing holier-than-now humor. And his follow-up, "Going Way Out", comes closer to what should be the Gospel truth.

Carol Bortstein
Bronx, N.Y.

Congratulations to Silverstone and Torres on "Going Thy Way" and "Going Way Out". All I want to know is what happens *after* Kowalski...?

Jenny Jacobs
Jericho, Vt.

Angelo Torres and Lou Silverstone gave us a blessed event in their perceptive *then* and *now* churchgoings on.

Shirley Jo Probert
San Marino, Calif.

LIGHTER SIDE OF LEISURE TIME

Regarding Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Leisure Time", I concluded that I read MAD so much, I don't have any leisure time!

Lisa Perillo
Staten Island, N.Y.

MAD PREDICTIONS OF NATIONAL INFAMY?

Apparently, MAD Magazine was trying to prepare us for Watergate, way back in 1971!

Gene Gladson
Indianapolis, Ind.

A MAD LOOK AT WEDDINGS

Sergio's spread on "Weddings" was hilarious and, as usual, his Drawn-Out Dramas were great. Although there are many great cartoonists in MAD, he is Numero Uno in my book. And *your* book.

Mark Cardigan
Shrewsbury, Mass.

Upon reading "A MAD Look At Weddings", I've decided to remain a bachelor.

Bill Fridl
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sergio Aragonés' "A MAD Look At Weddings" really takes the cake!

Lynne Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

CORPORATE ECOLOGIST OF THE YEAR

If any industrialists happen to read "MAD's Corporate Ecologist Of The Year", maybe industry could learn to use paper as efficiently as Lou Silverstone and Paul Coker, Jr. Congratulations on your paper product.

Mikael Lancaster
Palo Alto, Calif.

After reading "MAD's Corporate Ecologist Of The Year", I wondered how come it's the first time I've ever seen anything against garbage...inside of garbage.

Clif McQueen
Saginaw, Mich.

YEAR BOOK THAT TELLS IT LIKE IT IS

I enjoyed "A High School Year Book That Tells It Like It Really Is." Rolling Stones High School...? Is that where writer Tom Koch got his "education"?

Jon Deininger
Tamaqua, Pa.

Tom Koch and Jack Rickard described the Youngstown, Ohio, City Schools so magnificently!

Larry Tropepe
Boardman, Ohio

Back cover of MAD #147, December, 1971

CANNONBALL

"Cannonball" by Dick De Bartolo and Jack Davis was super. Let's see how many more like these they can throw up.

Kevin Carroll
Washington, D.C.

I just couldn't swallow your "Cannonball"! Who wants to see a guy eating every time you turn the page? But your introduction to it was brilliant!

Anne Shearing
Orono, Maine

William Conrad, who plays Cannon, is a truly dedicated and exceptional actor. Glad to see him immortalized by artist Jack Davis. May they both live off the fat of the land!

Lyra Halprin
Santa Monica, Calif.

Jack Davis and Dick De Bartolo served up a delicious satire on "Cannon".

Eric Holmberg
Glenshaw, Pa.

You said Frank Cannon suffers from the worst handicap, being overweight. I'm fat and I'm proud!

Bill Mapes
S. Daytona, Fla.

"Cannon" is a great show and he can't help it if he's fat.

Larry Metzger
Arletta, Calif.

"Cannonball" was a big, fat success!

Mike Pryich
Rock Springs, Wy.

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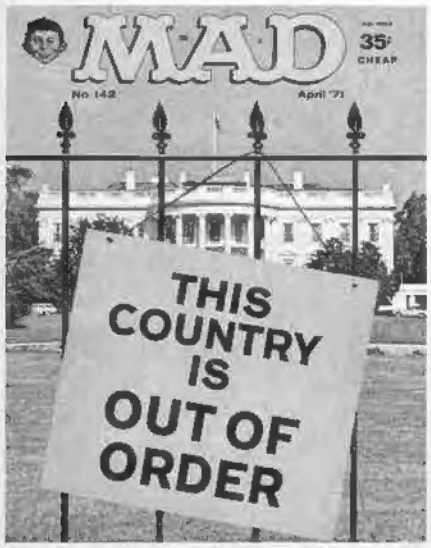
Front cover of MAD #142, April, 1971



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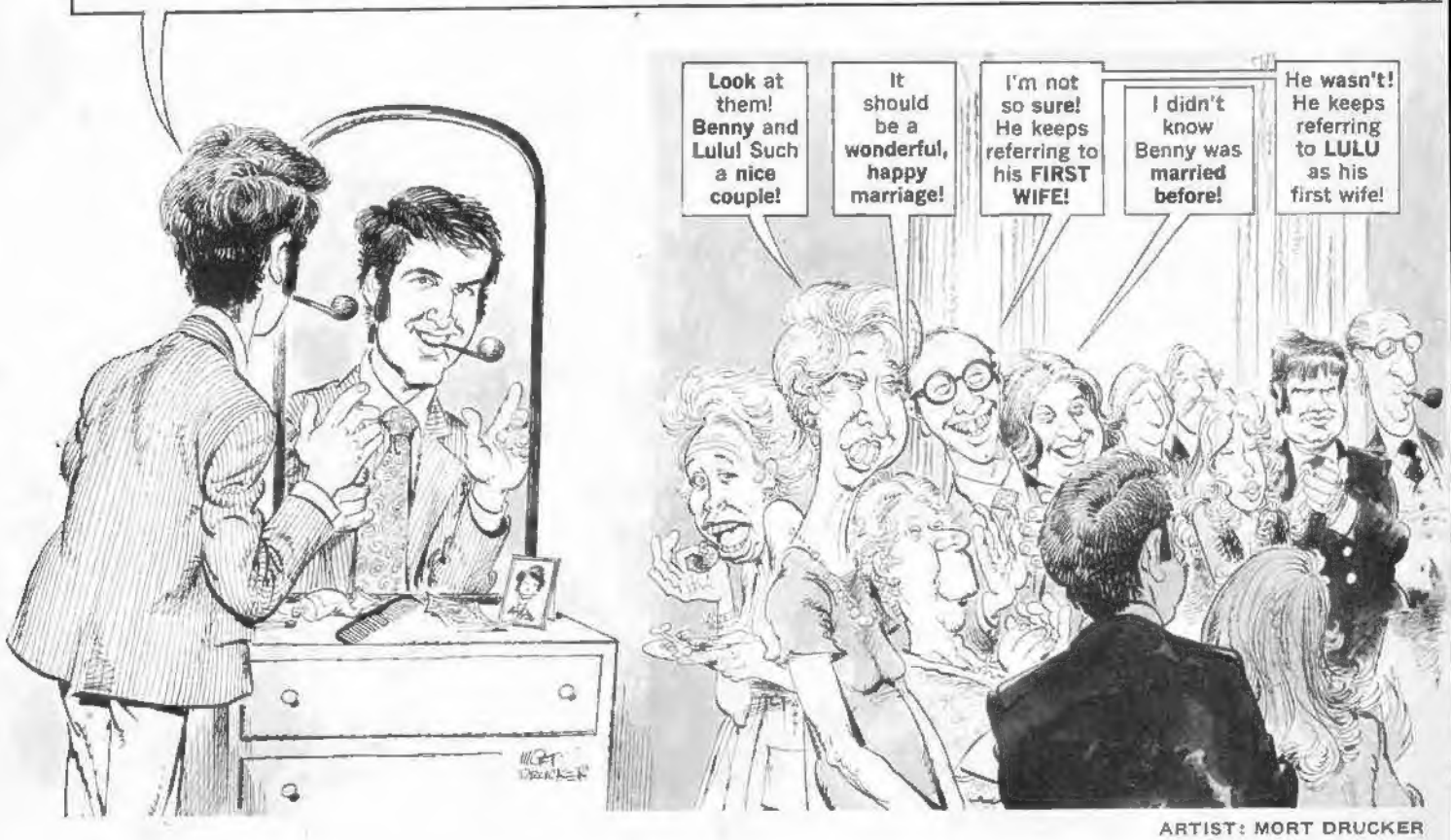
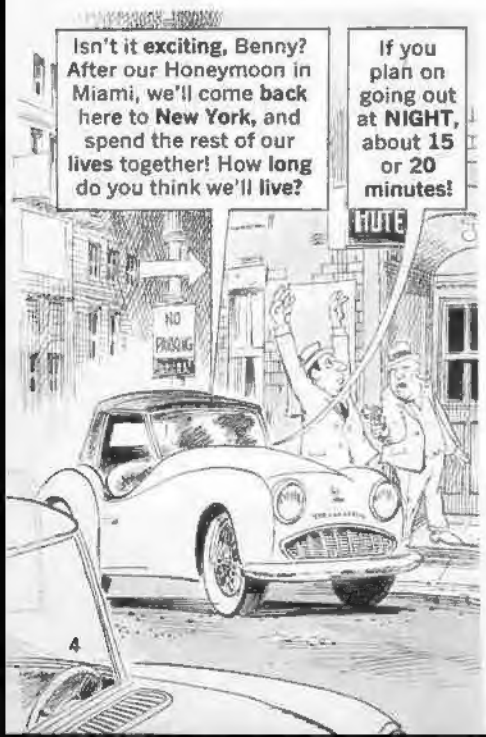
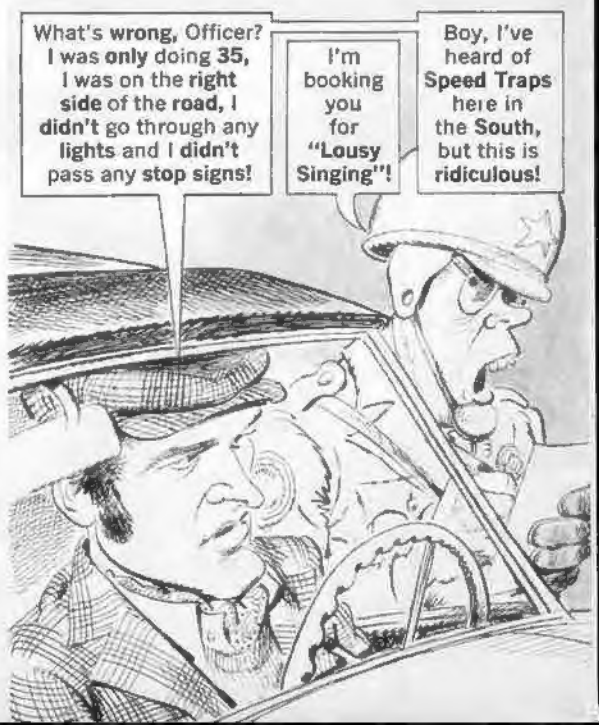
THE HE

Hi, there, you good-looking devil, you! This is **your picture** coming up! It's all about how you **ruin** two girls, **shatter** their Mothers, **destroy** their Fathers, and end up with **fame** and **fortune!** In other words, it's just another **typical American Success Story!** And it opens on a **Jewish Wedding . . .** where you've **already eaten** Chopped Liver, Stuffed Derma, Gefilte Fish, Pickled Herring, and two pounds of Hot Pastrami! Which explains **why** you're known as:



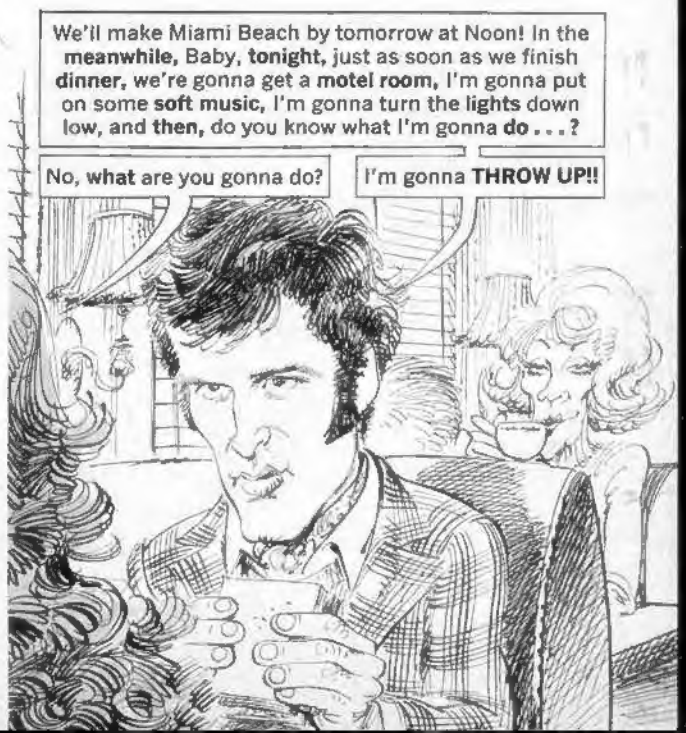
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

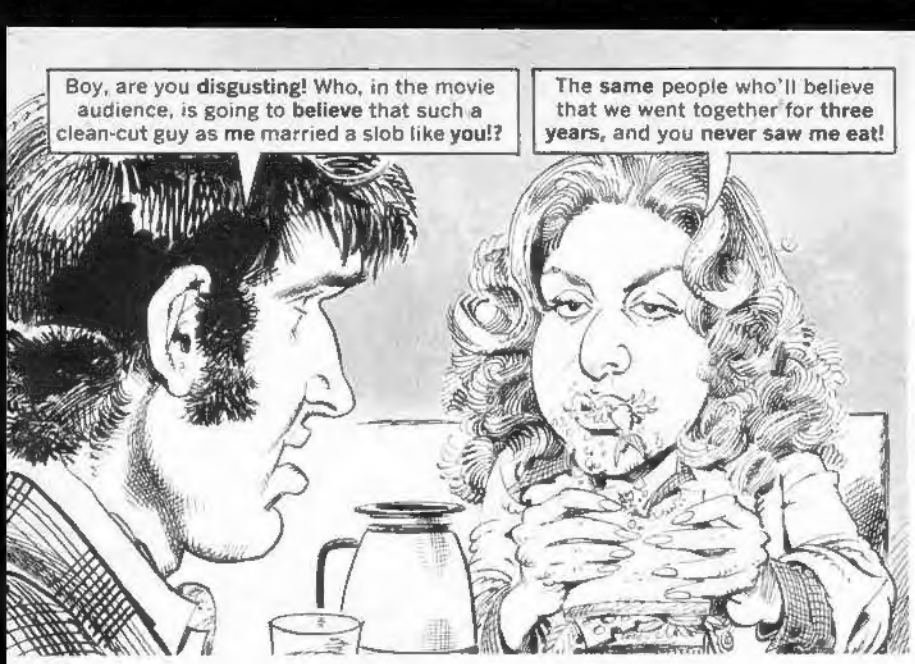




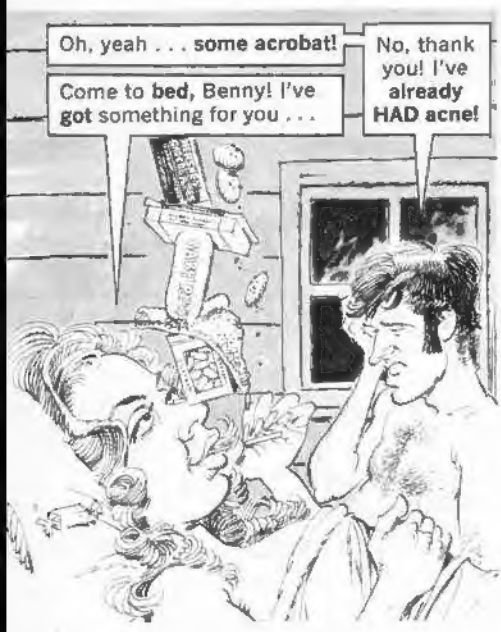
ARTBURN KID

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

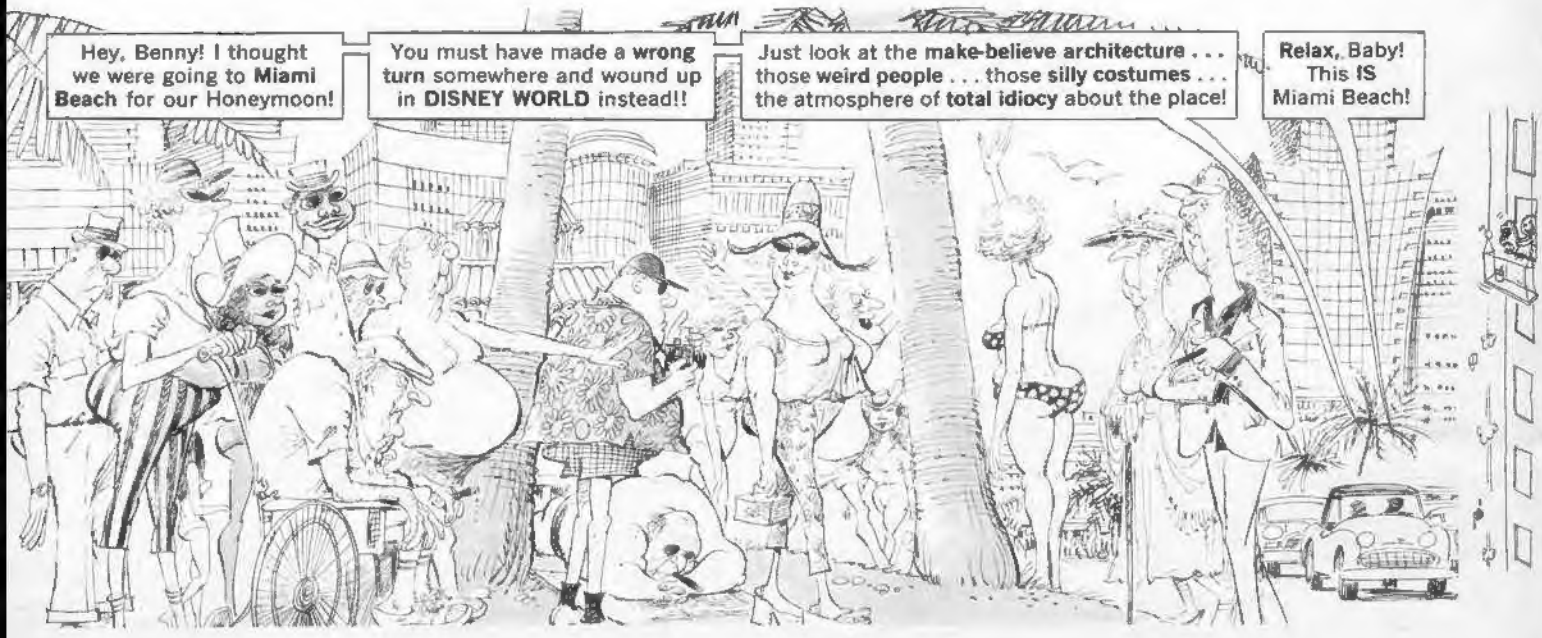



Boy, are you **disgusting!** Who, in the movie audience, is going to **believe** that such a clean-cut guy as **me** married a slob like **you!?**
The **same** people who'll believe that we went together for **three years,** and you **never saw me eat!**

Wow! What a **Wedding Night** this is, Benny! Isn't this the **greatest?!?**
Yeah . . . the greatest!
You never **dreamed** anything could be so **wonderful,** right?!?
Right . . .
I'll bet you never thought I was such an **acrobat** in **bed!!**
SOUTH
114
MOTEL
YOU-ALL MOTEL SWIMMING POOL


Oh, yeah . . . **some acrobat!**
Come to **bed,** Benny! I've **got** something for you . . .
No, thank you! I've **already HAD acne!**

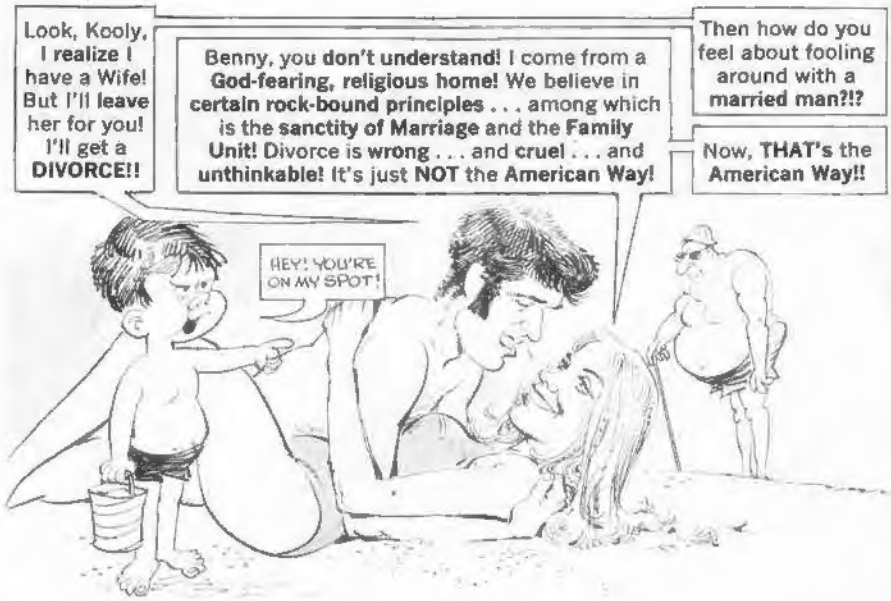
But it's our **Wedding Night!** You **HAVE** to come to bed with me!!
Who **says** I do?!
My **Mother** says you do!
Your **MOTHER?!?** Boy, are you **square!** Who listens to **Mothers** nowadays? Give me **one good reason** why I should listen to **yours!**
She happens to be a **devoted Parent,** she knows what's **best** for her **children—**
You call those **good reasons?!?**
And she's **ALSO** the **Director** of this **picture!**
THAT'S a good reason!

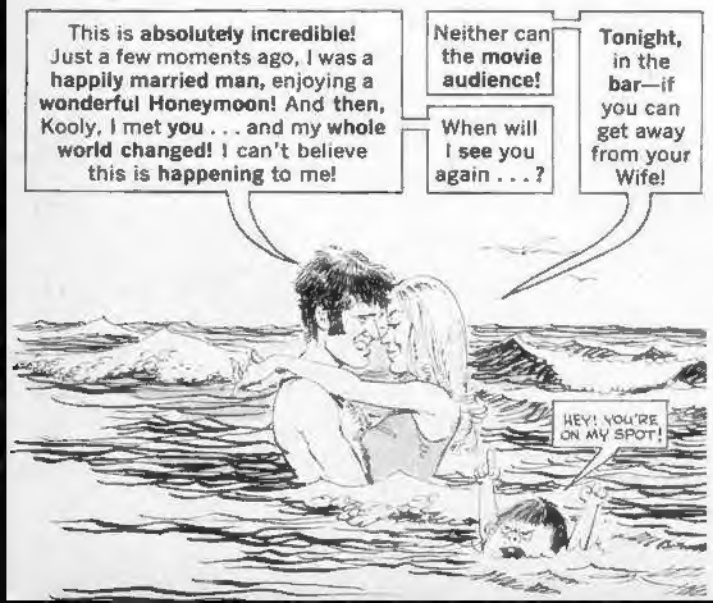

Hey, Benny! I thought we were going to **Miami Beach** for our Honeymoon!
You must have made a **wrong turn** somewhere and wound up in **DISNEY WORLD** instead!!
Just look at the **make-believe architecture . . .** those **weird people . . .** those **silly costumes . . .** the atmosphere of **total idiocy** about the place!
Relax, Baby! This **IS** Miami Beach!

Are you glad you **married** me, Benny?
You bet, Lulu! This is the **life!** No more fights, okay? From now on, it's **you and me together** for the **rest** of our **lives!** I love you very much . . .
Oooh, Benny . . . you're so **sexy!** What are you thinking about **right now?**

A DIVORCE!
Oh, Benny! You're so **funny!**
I think I'm getting **burned,** so I better get out of the sun!
See you up in the room . . .

Hi, there!
Enough small talk! **Let's make out!**
Hi, there **back!**
Are you out of your **mind?** I don't even **know** you!
I'm **Benny!**
I'm **ready!**

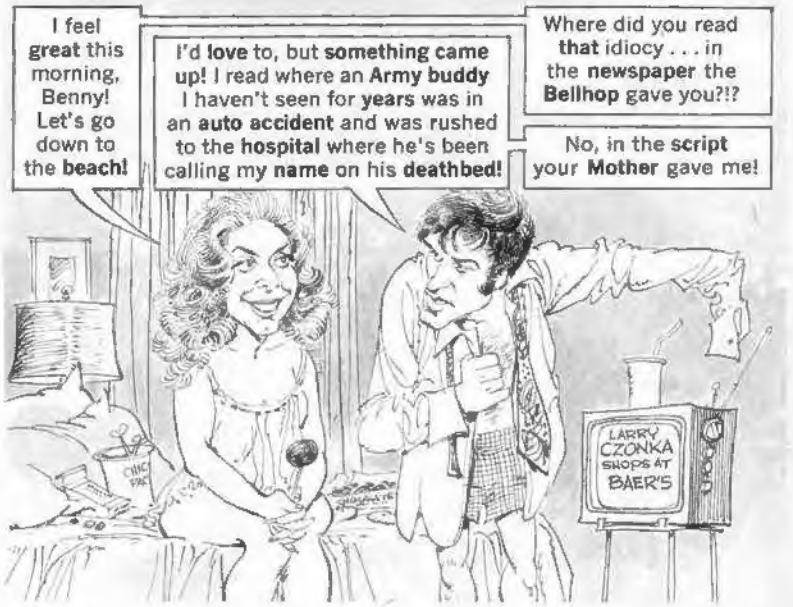

Look, Kooly, **I realize I have a Wife!** But I'll **leave** her for you! I'll get a **DIVORCE!!**
Benny, you **don't understand!** I come from a **God-fearing, religious home!** We believe in **certain rock-bound principles** . . . among which is the **sanctity of Marriage** and the **Family Unit!** Divorce is **wrong** . . . and **cruel** . . . and **unthinkable!** It's just **NOT** the **American Way!**
Then how do you feel about fooling around with a **married man?!?**
Now, **THAT's** the **American Way!!**
HEY! YOU'RE ON MY SPOT!


This is **absolutely incredible!** Just a few moments ago, I was a **happily married man,** enjoying a **wonderful Honeymoon!** And **then,** Kooly, I met **you** . . . and my **whole world changed!** I can't believe this is **happening** to me!
Neither can the **movie audience!**
When will I **see** you again . . . ?
Tonight, in the **bar**—if you can get away from your Wife!
HEY! YOU'RE ON MY SPOT!

Oooooh! Owwwww! Oh, Benny, this is the **worst sunburn** I've ever **had!** I'm in such **pain!**
It's **okay,** Baby . . . I'll take **care** of you and you'll be as **good** as **new!**
I don't think you **want** me to get well! I think you have **other plans** for tonight!
Look, I'm holding this **lamp** over you so I can **see** better, and I'm rubbing **cream** all over your back! **Why** do you say I don't want you to **get well?!?**
Well, for **ONE** thing, that's a **SUN LAMP! Oooh! Owww!**

Daddy . . . this is Benny! Benny . . . this is my Father!
Hi, Mr. Corker!
Look, punk! My Daughter wants whatever I want! And I'll tell you right now, I don't want a Benny! I also don't want an Irving . . . or a Murray . . . or a Morris! You know what I mean?
Sure! I get it! You don't have to spell it out! I know what you want, you Bigot! You want a Wayne or a Keith or a Lance!
No, as a matter of fact, I want an OSCAR! Now, cool it and let me really ham up this once-in-a-lifetime role!
HEY! YOU'RE ON MY SPOT!
Remember what I told you, you *&¢%$#@* punk! Keep your &¢%$ hands off my Daughter or I'll break every *&¢%$#@ bone in your *&¢%$#@* @#$%¢& body!!

What happened? Was he hit by a truck?
No . . . I think he was stung by a WASP!
Don't give up, Benny! We're going for a ride on our boat tomorrow! Why don't you join us? Once Daddy gets to know you, everything will be okay!


I feel great this morning, Benny! Let's go down to the beach!
I'd love to, but something came up! I read where an Army buddy I haven't seen for years was in an auto accident and was rushed to the hospital where he's been calling my name on his deathbed!
Where did you read that idiocy . . . in the newspaper the Bellhop gave you?!?
No, in the script your Mother gave me!
LARRY CZONKA SHOPS AT BAER'S

Hi, Kooly! Hi, Mr. Corker!
66

Bye, Kooly! Bye, Mr. Corker!

I think Daddy's beginning to like you, Benny! He wants you to have dinner with us tonight!
THIS is how he invites people to dinner?!?
You should be around when he sends out our New Year's Eve invitations!
WASP I

Let's go out to dinner tonight, Benny!

I can't, Lulu! Something just came up again!

Hold it, Buster! I've been cooped up in this hotel for three days! So if you think I'm going to buy another cockamamie excuse from you, you're crazy! Don't tell me your old Army buddy needs you again! And don't tell me he's dead and you have to complete a secret mission to Red China for him! No more lies, Benny! A good marriage is based on TRUTH!

Okay, Lulu! I can't have dinner with you because I'm having dinner with a girl I just met . . . and her Parents! I've fallen madly in love with her, and I'm trying to sell myself to her Parents! That's the truth . . . and I'll never lie again!

Thank God our marriage is saved! I was getting a little worried there for a minute!

Mr. Corker, Mrs. Corker . . . I'll put my cards right on the table!

I want to marry your Daughter! Now, let's list all the facts: First, I hardly know her! Second, she hardly knows me! Third, you hardly know me! Fourth, we're from two different worlds! Fifth, I have no money! Sixth, we're of different religions! Seventh . . .

What lousy luck! One more minute and I would have sold him! He didn't give me a chance to play my ace in the hole!

What was that?

I was just getting ready to tell him I'm ALREADY MARRIED!

Well . . . I guess this is Goodbye!

No, it's not! I'm getting rid of my Wife! Then, in a few weeks, I'm coming out to your home and marry you! So . . . order the Wedding Invitations!

I realize this may be a little sudden, Lula . . . but I want a DIVORCE!

A DIVORCE?!? No, Benny! I love you!

I'll give you my car, all my money! Anything! Just let me go!

Benny, all I've ever dreamed of is wrapped up in the two of us!

Do you think I'd trade a life time of happiness and fulfillment for a lousy car and some money?!?

I'll toss in 100 cartons of Milky Ways and full visitation rights to the Hershey Chocolate Factory!

You got a deal!

Benny! What are you doing in Minneapolis?

I've got great news, Kooly! I divorced my Wife! Now we can get married!

Benny, I could never marry a Divorced Man! I told you about my moral principles! What you did is an act against God!

But . . . I love you! What should I do??

Marry somebody else! Then we can fool around again!

Listen, Kooly, I happen to know you're Protestant! And Protestants DO believe in Divorce!

They DO?!? I didn't know that!

Then you'll MARRY me??

Of course, Benny! If it's okay with my Father! And then, once we're married, you and I will . . uh . .

You and I will WHAT . . . ?

We'll fool around with other people!

Daddy said he wants to speak to you right after dinner . . . about our plans to get married!

Dinner is almost set, kids! I'm just about to start carving!

Sounds great, Mr. Corker! I'm famished! What'll you be carving?

YOU, punk!

It's no use trying to talk me out of it! I'm going to marry Kooly . . . and that's FINAL!

Over my dead body, you will!

Hah! You don't scare ME, Mr. Corker!

Isn't Benny forceful and ruthless, Mother?!? Who does he remind you of . . .?

Uh—Adolf Hitler?

No . . . DADDY!!

Same thing!

Okay! Now I'll put MY cards on the table! I'll give you $10,000 if you give up my Daughter!

You can't buy me off, Mr. Corker!

$20,000!

If you think I'd accept mere money for a sweet, adorable girl . . .

$50,000!!

The dearest thing in my life! Pure! Untouched! Innocent . . .

$100,000!!

Uh . . . on second thought, who needs a tramp!!

I hear that the famous BENNY is getting married in there today!

BENNY?!? Isn't he the guy who turned down Kooly Corker for $100,000 a year ago!

Right! And since then, he's gotten involved with . . . and turned down—for money . . . daughters of Bankers, Oil Tycoons, a U.S. Senator and the President of the United States! He's blackmailed his way to a huge fortune!

And you mean to tell me he's getting married again?!?

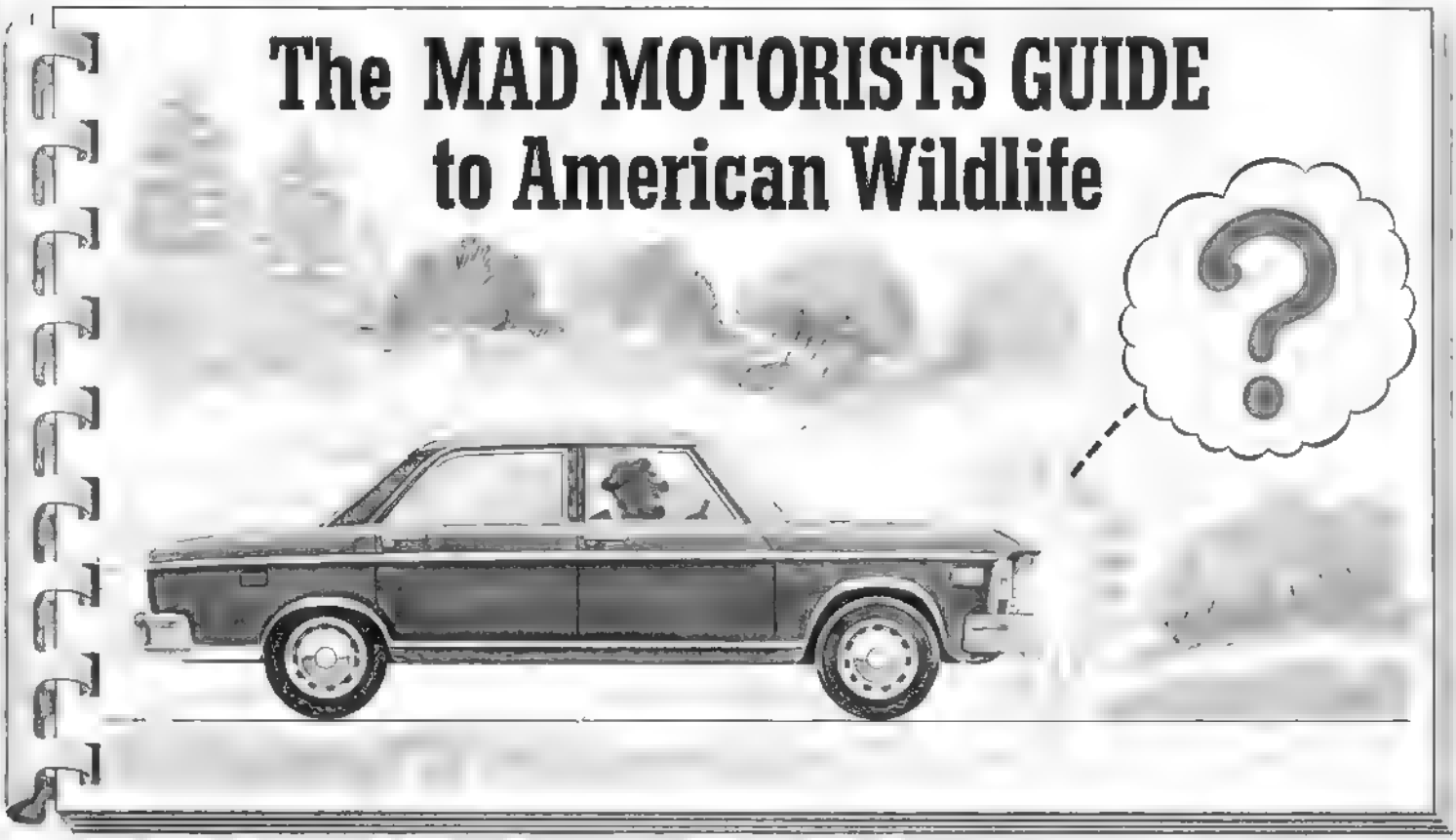
Yeah . . . to the daughter of the most important man in the World! But I understand he plans to divorce her in a few weeks . . . and take her Father and her Family for everything they've got!

Boy . . . this time he's REALLY got it made!

Not necessarily!

BUMPER STICKERS DEPT.

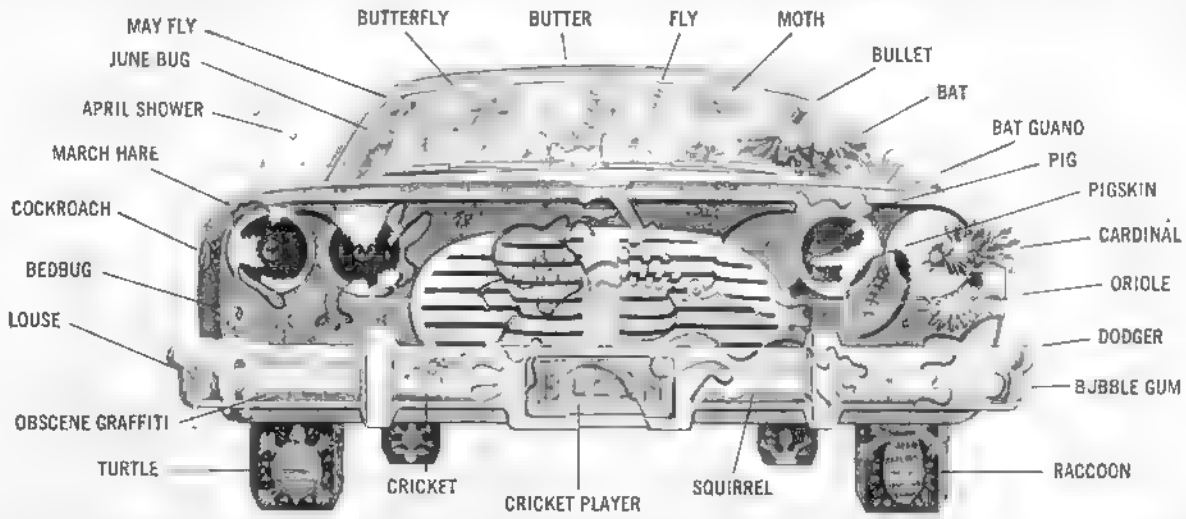
There are more conservation groups and ecology clubs in America than ever before. Unfortunately, there are also more cars on the road than ever before, and it isn't hard to guess who's winning the daily battle between automobile and animal. With this in mind, we now propose a more practical handbook for nature study—one geared to help the reader identify Mother Nature's creatures as we most often view them . . .



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE IDEA BY: ROBERT KAUFMAN

Chapter I IDENTIFYING WILDLIFE

One of the great pleasures of driving is identifying the specimens one comes across in one's travels, not to mention specimens that other motorists have run across in *their* travels. Perhaps the most convenient way is when you've returned home, you can leisurely study and identify the specimens indelibly etched on your car.



The key to specimen identification is to learn what nature's creatures look like in their *altered state.* It is important not to confuse wildlife with other things, such as the windblown refuse thrown out of the windows of other cars. Then too, the splotch from a praying mantis could easily be confused with the splotch from a preying pigeon with accurate aim. A few weeks of hard study is all anyone ever needs to become expert, so stick with it!

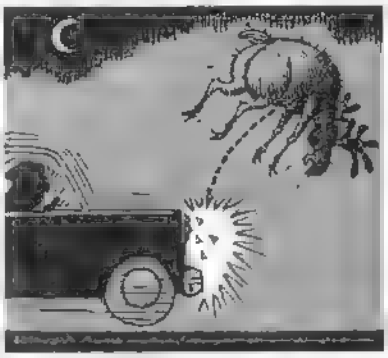
Chapter III

IDENTIFYING WILDLIFE BY SOUND

Most highway specimens are created at night. But, of course, in the dark viewing is sometimes impossible. The *serious* highway wildlife collector must learn the *sounds* of his prey. The following examples will start you off on the right road! Allow for minor differences in specimen sounds depending upon locale.

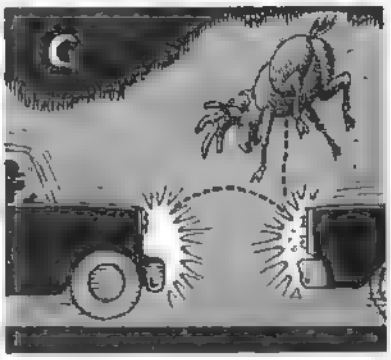
THE SOUND YOU HEARD

WHAT CAUSED IT



THE SOUND YOU HEARD

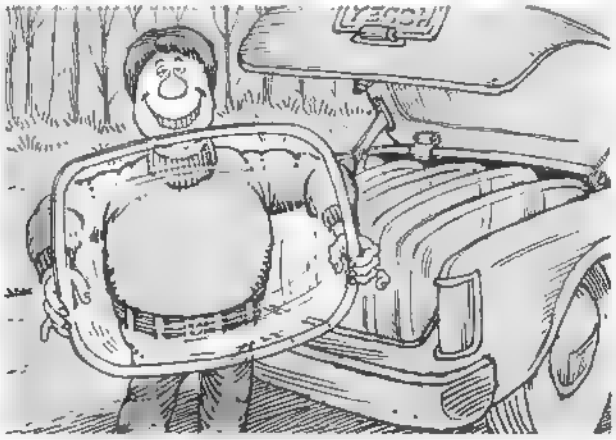
WHAT CAUSED IT



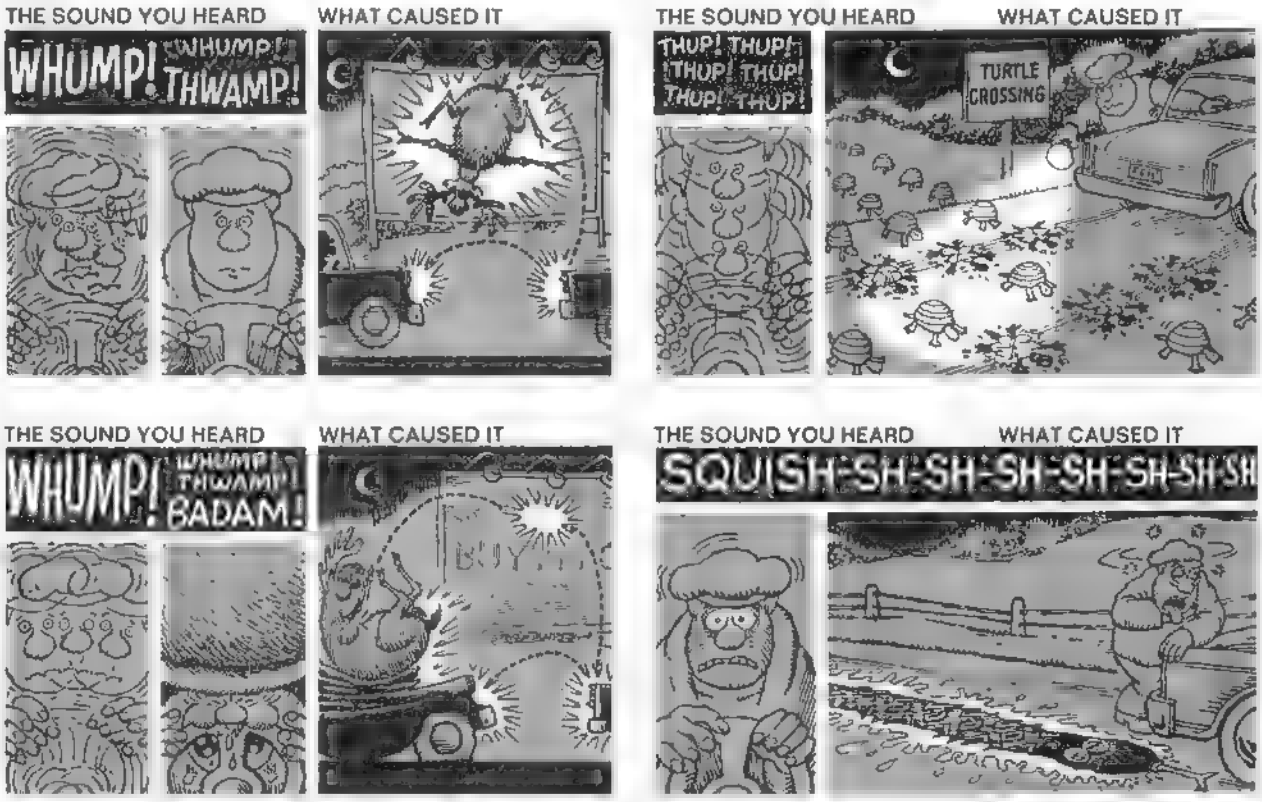
Chapter VI

CONSERVATION

With conservation uppermost in our minds today, we must think of those that follow us on life's broad highway. We must not selfishly enjoy, but learn to share. With this in mind, *Motorist's Guide* recommends all wildlife enthusiasts utilize the shatter-proof, low silhouette plastic covers available in a variety of shapes and sizes and which are easily stored in your rear trunk.



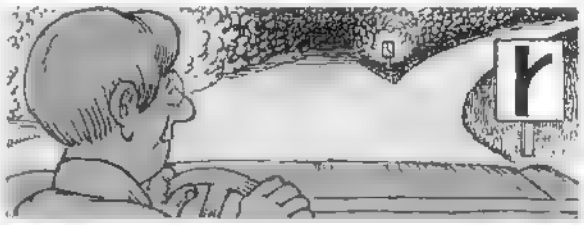
To conserve your specimen so others can delight in your findings also, merely place appropriate sized cover over it. Its self-sticking adhesive edge will keep everything in place for weeks.



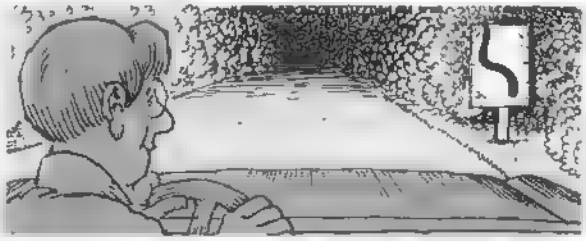
Chapter IX

ROAD HAZARDS FOR ENTHUSIASTS

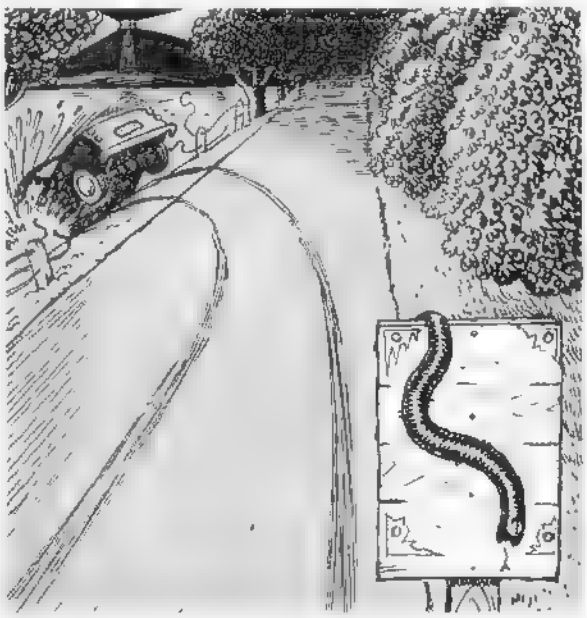
Due to the scanning nature of the wildlife enthusiast's driving style, he often devotes too little time to familiar road signs and responds reflexively to their warnings.



A case in point is when a driver observes the typical "curve in the road" caution and turns the wheel automatically . . .



. . . only to find the "warning" was nothing more than a snake flung across a blank billboard by a previous car!



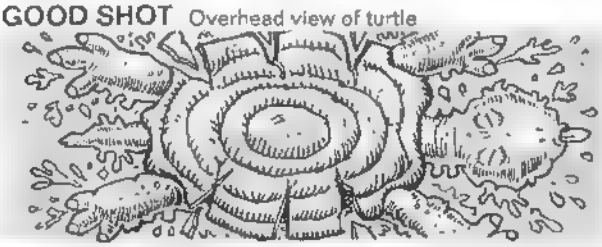
Chapter XII PHOTOGRAPHS AND TROPHIES

A hit is as good as a miss if you end up with nothing to show for it. Two popular ways of showing off specimens that you may personally encounter are photos and mounted trophies. Here are some helpful tips on both methods.

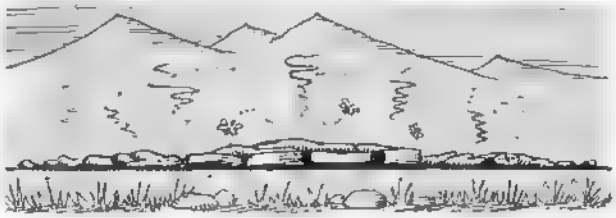
PHOTOGRAPHS

Always plan your shot around the features that will best identify your specimen, assuming, of course, some identifiable characteristics remain. Consider the examples of *good* and *bad* shots that follow.

GOOD SHOT Overhead view of turtle

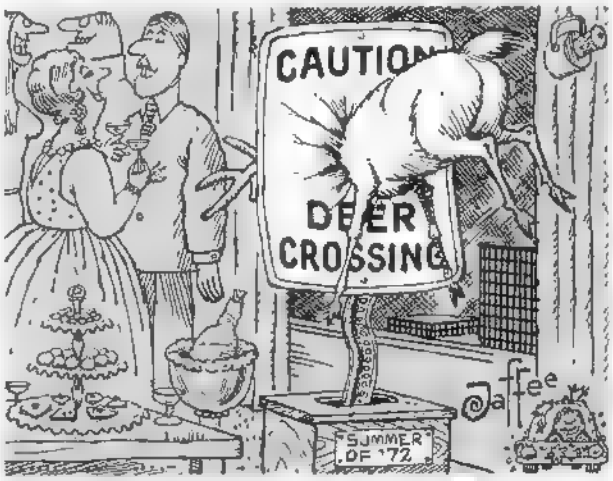


BAD SHOT Side v ew of turtle



TROPHIES

Mounting trophies is strictly a matter of personal taste, and thus little can be said about it. One hint, however, is that you carry a hacksaw in your trunk for cutting road signs "that tell a story." These will invariably prove to be the best souvenirs of your trip!



Chapter XV CHARTING SPECIMENS

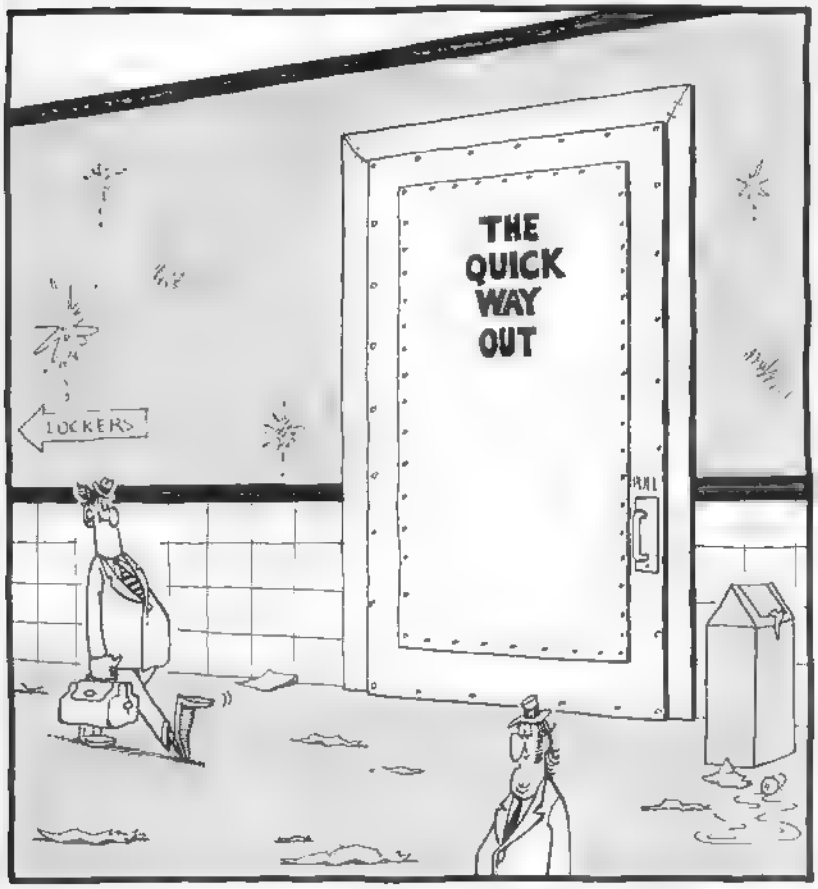
Like any great sport, a 'score card' is half the fun. A specimen chart for charting specimens that any wildlife enthusiast will find simple to make and pleasurable to use follows below:

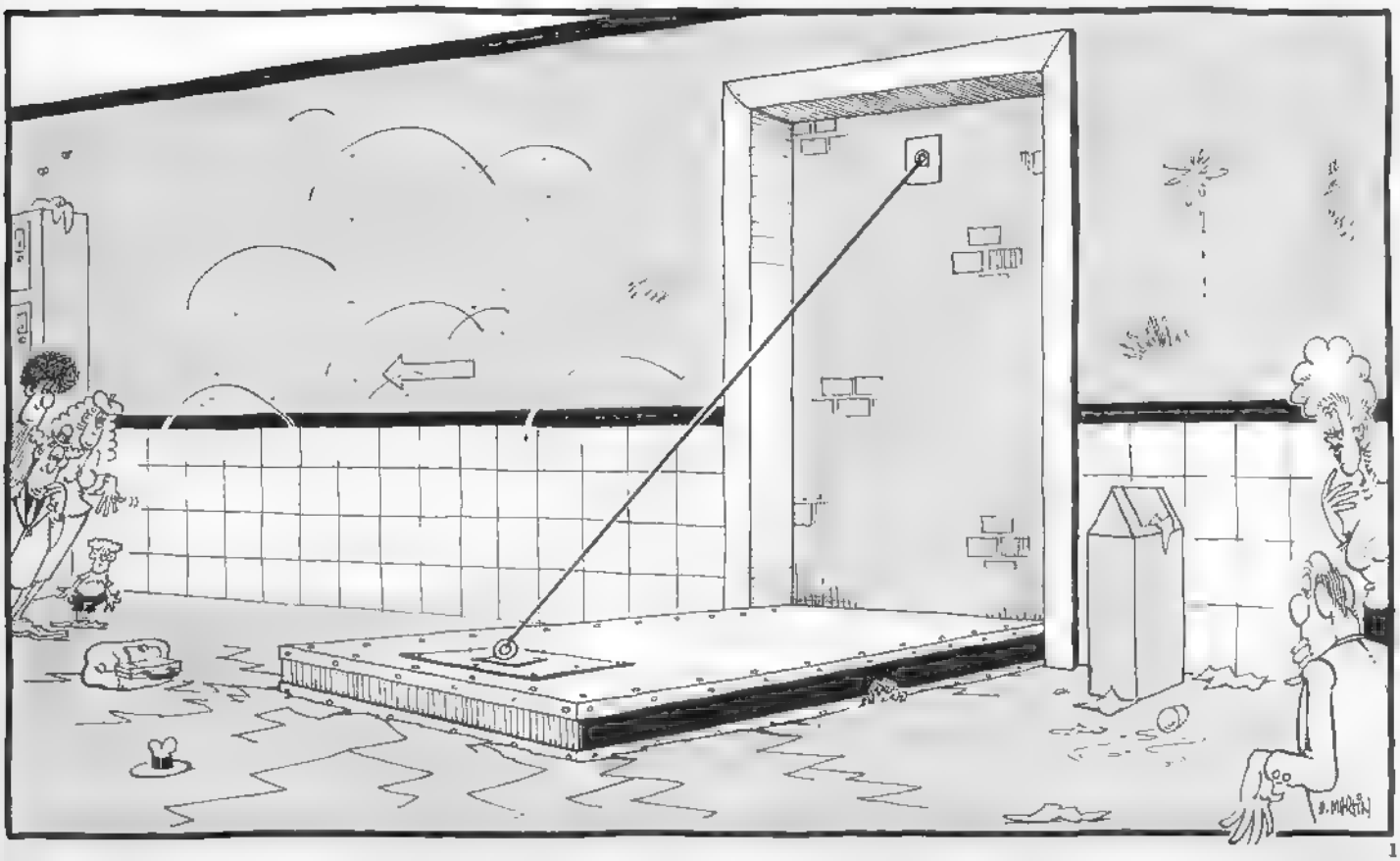
My trip across Northwest U.S.A. from July 20, 1973 ending August 6, 1973

SPECIMENS SIGHTED BY ME	SPECIMENS STRUCK BY ME	SPECIMENS STRUCK BY OTHERS	SPECIMENS OFF THE ROAD	SPECIMENS ON THE ROAD	SPECIMENS STILL BOUNCING AROUND	GENERAL CONDITION OF SPECIMENS
24 rabbits	8	16	5	9	10	Disgusting
8 Bears	3	5	5	2	1	Fair
14 Racoons	11	3	2	11	1	Good
9 Snakes	3	6	3	2	4	Yecch!
27 Squirrels	12	15	8	16	3	Pleasant
4 moose	1	3	2	1	1	Very Good
2 Elk	2	0	1	1	0	Aromatic
1 llama	1	0	0	0	1	So-So
10,031 insects	10,027	4	0	4	0	REVOLTING the rest were on the car

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE MORNING AT A BUS DEPOT





CHOW MEIN LINERS DEPT.

The idea of Fortune Cookies dates back thousands of years. Unfortunately, so do most of the fortunes you find in them. They're usually filled with boring words of wisdom like "The seed of Knowledge that falls upon a barren mind will not flower!" or "The wise man will learn from his mistakes!" Well, it seems to us that people living in the "Now Generation" need

SAVE OUR FORESTS! PLEASE RETURN THIS FORTUNE TO YOUR WAITER FOR RE-CYCLING!

V.D. IS ONE SECRET YOU SHOULD NOT SPREAD AROUND.

As you sit here eating, there is a 75% chance that your house is being robbed.

TIRED OF CHINESE FOOD? NEXT TIME TRY "ROCKY'S PIZZA"!

FORTUNE COOKIE ADS GET READ! FOR A SPACE IN A COOKIE LIKE THIS ONE, CALL:
Business Biscuits Enterprises, Incorporated, 42 Main Street, City—555-9900

LEGALIZE ACUPUNCTURE!

Why bother to save for a rainy day? You only get soaked by inflation!

An apple a day could give you more pesticides than your body can tolerate.

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER . . . FOR THE PUSHER.

FORTUNE COOKIES THAT ARE RELEVANT

WRITTEN BY: DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

CRIME DOES NOT PAY... INCOME TAXES!

BOYCOTT LETTUCE!

Please open another cookie. The Fortune you have reached is not in service at this time!

BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU TALK ABOUT! THE TEAPOT MAY BE BUGGED!

EATING THIS COOKIE CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. IT CONTAINS EMULSIFIED GLYCOL, HYDROGENATED BENSOMENICAINE, PLUS BTA AND BHA.

Walk softly and carry a big stick. It's the only way you won't get mugged.

LIVE LONGER! BREATHE LESS OF TODAY'S AIR!

BYE, BYE BLACKBIRD... AND ALL THE OTHER ENDANGERED SPECIES!

A DOG IN THE BUSH IS WORTH TWO ON THE SIDEWALK!

HOT SHOTS DEPT.

You Know IT'S REALLY

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

the TV Networks start telling you how much better the new Fall Shows will be than the lousy re-runs you're watching now.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . you discover you're the only kid around who isn't rich enough or under-privileged enough to go to camp.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . you use up your savings for your own vacation to feed the relatives who came to visit you on their vacation.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . . school has been out just long enough for you to glumly start counting the weeks until the day you have to go back.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . . your Secretary stops taking long weekends off to go skiing, and starts taking long weekends off to go surfing.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . the post season basketball play-off games are almost over, and the pre-season football games have just begun.

SUMMER When...

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: TOM KOCH

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . . you feel a sudden pang of regret that you didn't spend $2,000 more and get a convertible.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . . the season's first lightning bug appears, setting off the season's first stampede of kids with jars trying to catch it.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . . you're sent off to visit Grandma and Grandpa for a month, and you begin wondering what you did to deserve it.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . . you gladly pay to get into an Annette Funicello Film Festival just because the theater is air-conditioned.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . . an uneasy tension begins to spread every time the ice cream truck is five minutes late.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

. . . you first notice that sometime during the "Heavy Coat Season," the little girl across the street grew up to be a—*gulp*—big girl.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

... daylight lasts long enough for kids on roller skates to continue driving you crazy all evening now.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

... flowers you planted in April start blooming, and you discover you're allergic to all of them.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

... the time arrives once again for you to go to the "Annual Company Picnic" and make a fool of yourself.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

... you can't get a call through to the air conditioner repairman.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

... your next door neighbor returns your snow shovel and borrows your lawn mower.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

... you suddenly find out how few people pay attention to deodorant commercials.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

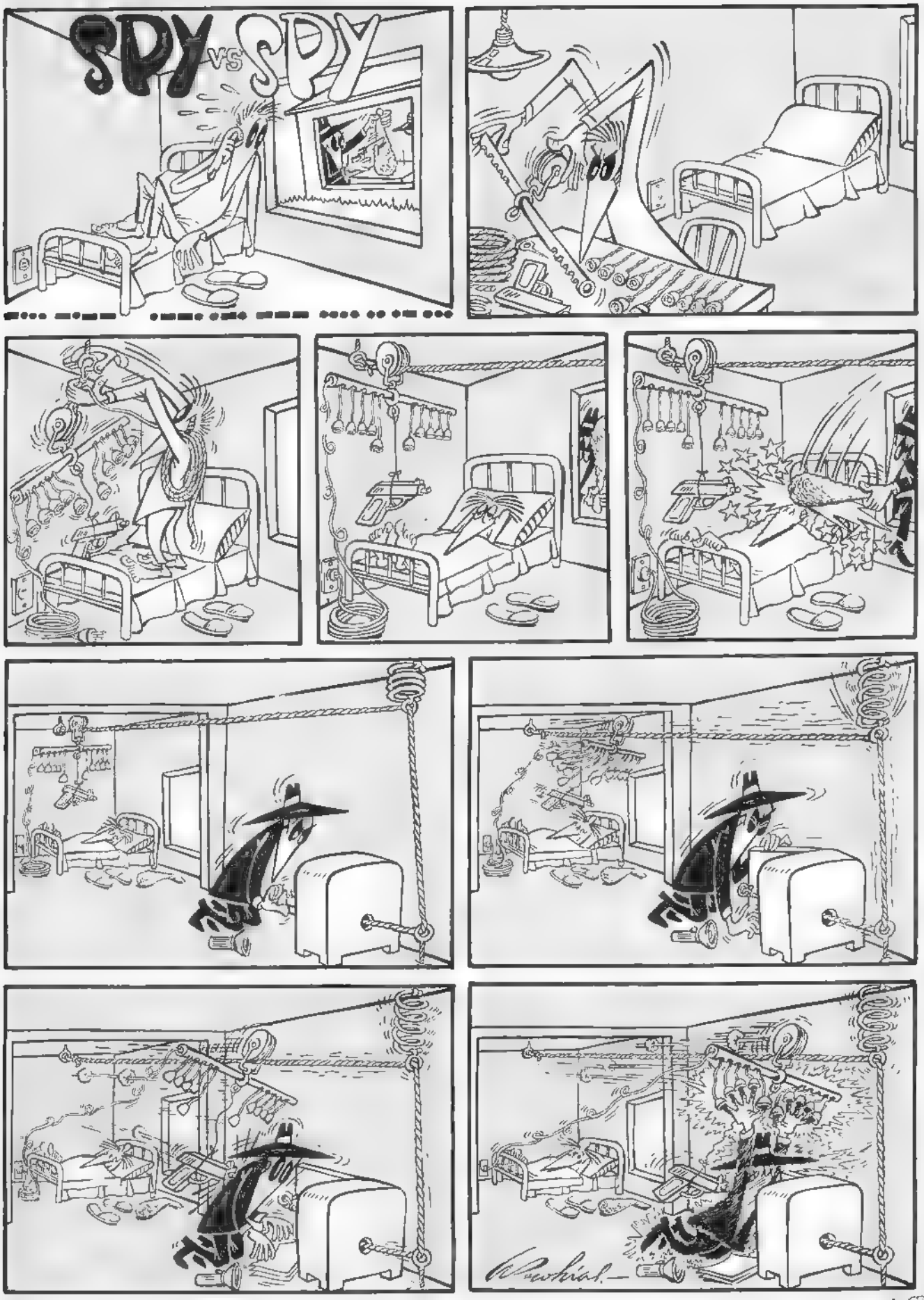
... the Major League Baseball season is far enough along for the last-place teams to start firing their Managers.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

... you feel obligated to drink nine glasses of luke warm Kool-Ade on your way home from the bus stop.

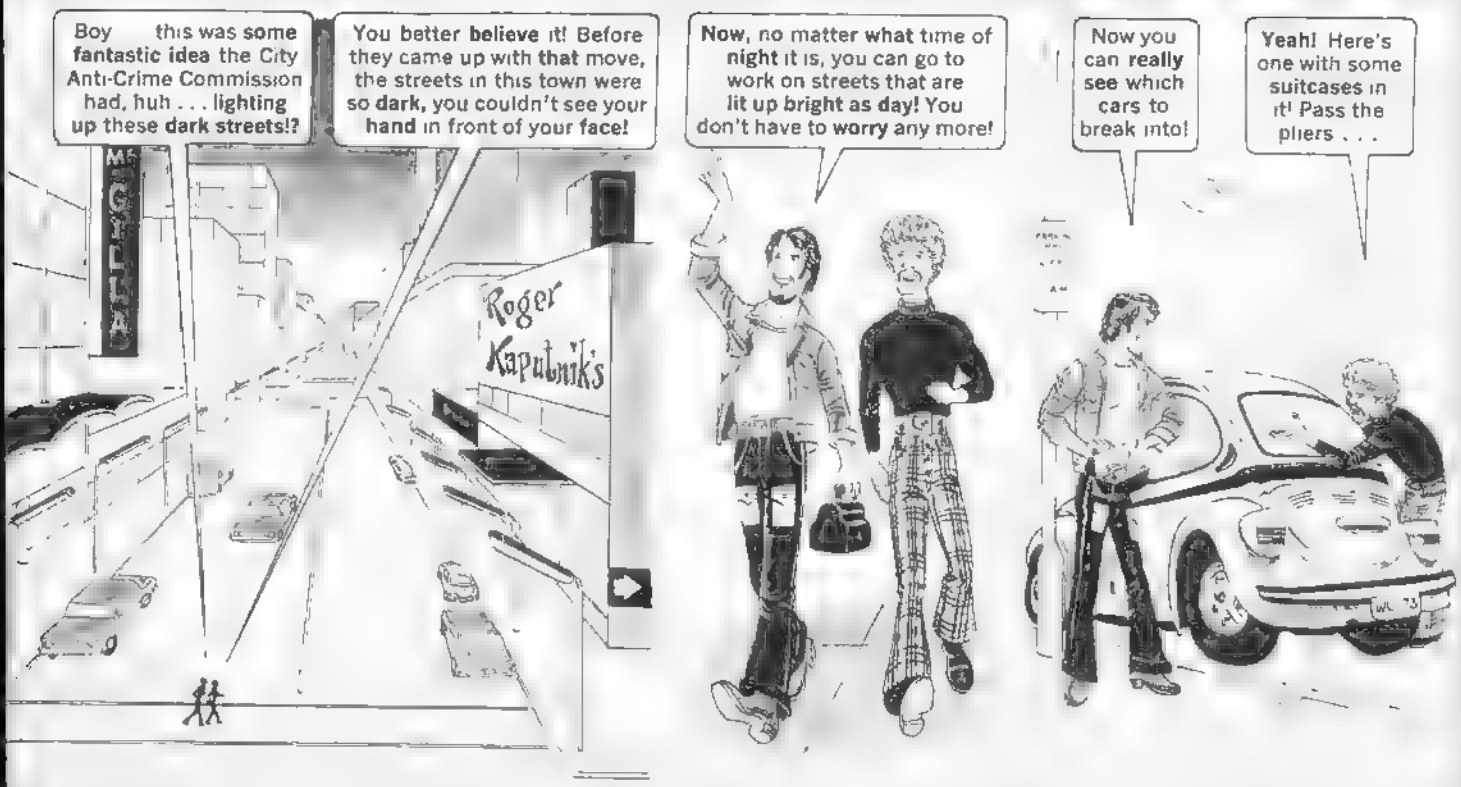
You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

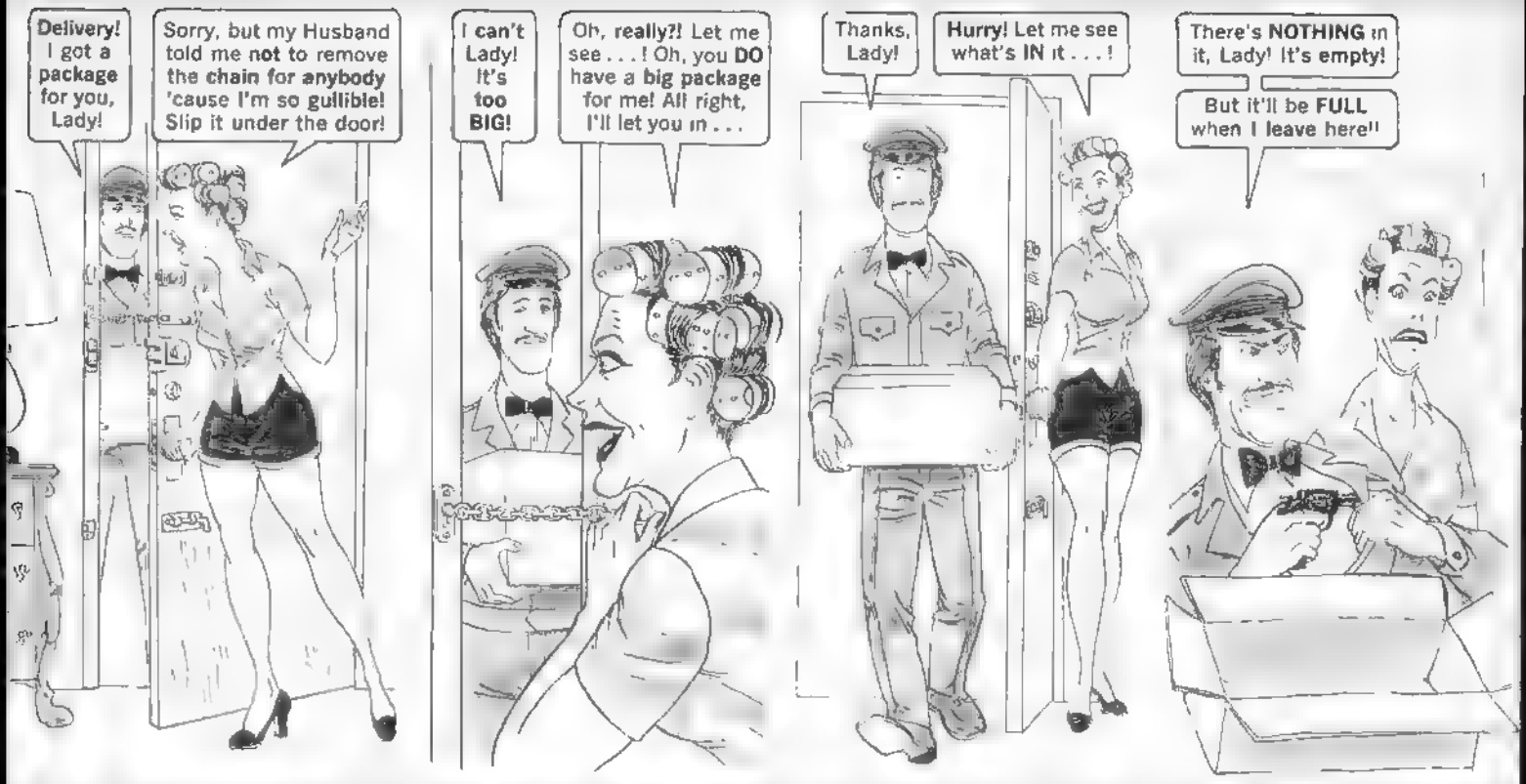
... your yearly prediction that girl's swim suits can't possibly get any more revealing is proved wrong once again.


SPY vs SPY

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

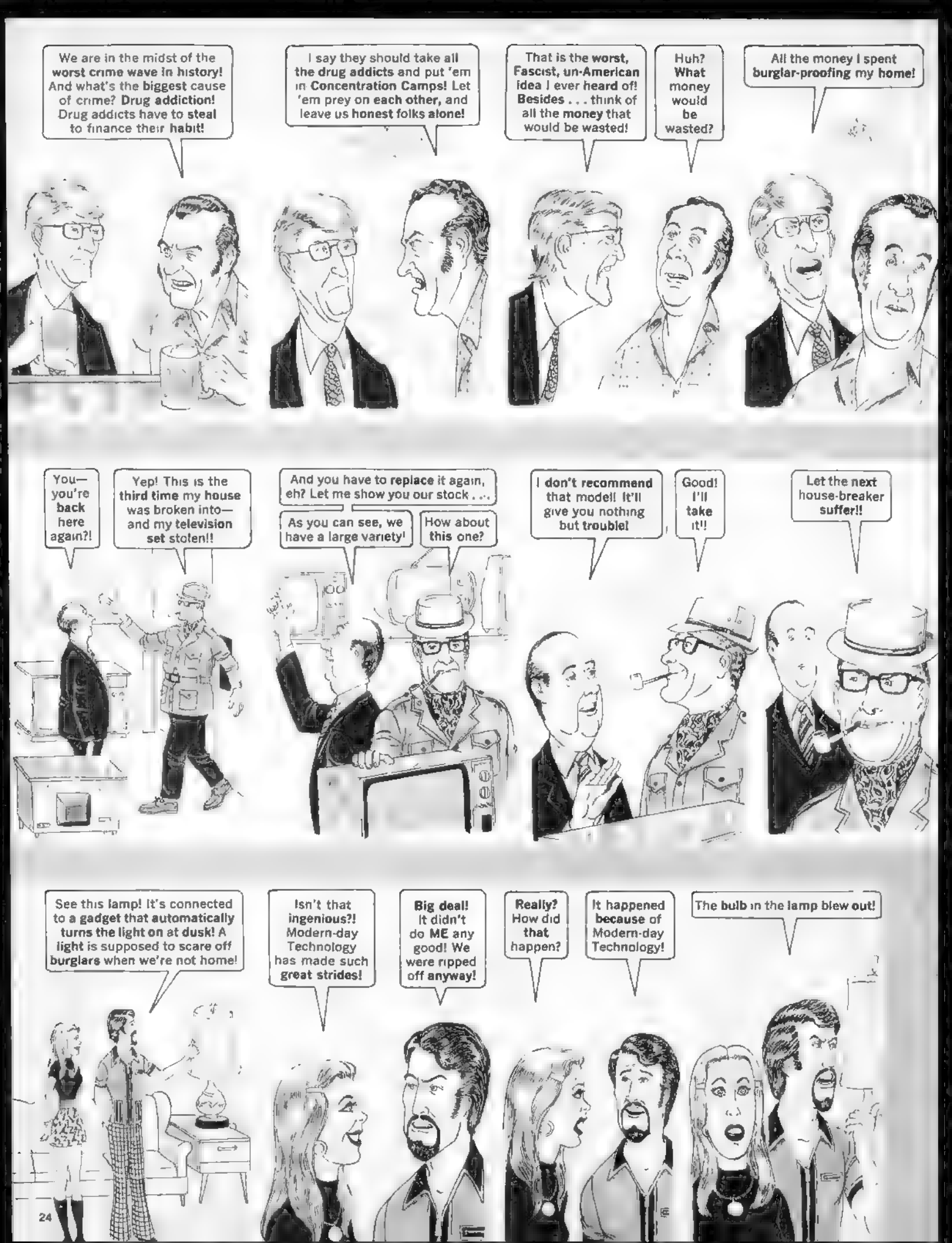
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... CRIME





IN THE STREETS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG


We are in the midst of the worst crime wave in history! And what's the biggest cause of crime? Drug addiction! Drug addicts have to steal to finance their habit!
I say they should take all the drug addicts and put 'em in Concentration Camps! Let 'em prey on each other, and leave us honest folks alone!
That is the worst, Fascist, un-American idea I ever heard of! Besides . . . think of all the money that would be wasted!
Huh? What money would be wasted?
All the money I spent burglar-proofing my home!
You— you're back here again?!
Yep! This is the third time my house was broken into— and my television set stolen!!
And you have to replace it again, eh? Let me show you our stock . . .
As you can see, we have a large variety!
How about this one?
I don't recommend that model! It'll give you nothing but trouble!
Good! I'll take it!!
Let the next house-breaker suffer!!
See this lamp! It's connected to a gadget that automatically turns the light on at dusk! A light is supposed to scare off burglars when we're not home!
Isn't that ingenious?! Modern-day Technology has made such great strides!
Big deal! It didn't do ME any good! We were ripped off anyway!
Really? How did that happen?
It happened because of Modern-day Technology!
The bulb in the lamp blew out!

There were so many reports of **burglaries** and **break-ins** that I figured I'd better **do** something to **protect** myself!

So I bought myself a **double-barrelled shot gun**, and put it **under my bed**—just in **case!**

Sure enough, I come home one night . . . and there's a **burglar** in the house!

Did you get your shot-gun?

No . . . the **BURGLAR** was hiding under the bed!!

The **crime rate** is so **high**, many Insurance Companies **won't sell** Theft Insurance! And they **cancel existing policies** when they **run out!** So if you really **want** Theft Insurance you have to pay **exorbitant prices** for it!

But I felt that insuring my material possessions was **more important** than **saving money**, so I **paid** the big premiums, just to have **peace of mind!**

But you hardly **HAVE** any possessions!

I know! I've been **selling them off** to **raise money** to **pay the big premiums!**

Oh, **darn!** I don't have any **paper bags!** What am I going to **do** with this stuff?

You've got a **shopping bag!** Use **that!**

Sometimes, you actually make **sense!** I'll be right back! I'm taking it downstairs . . .

HEY!!

STOP, THIEF! STOP!!

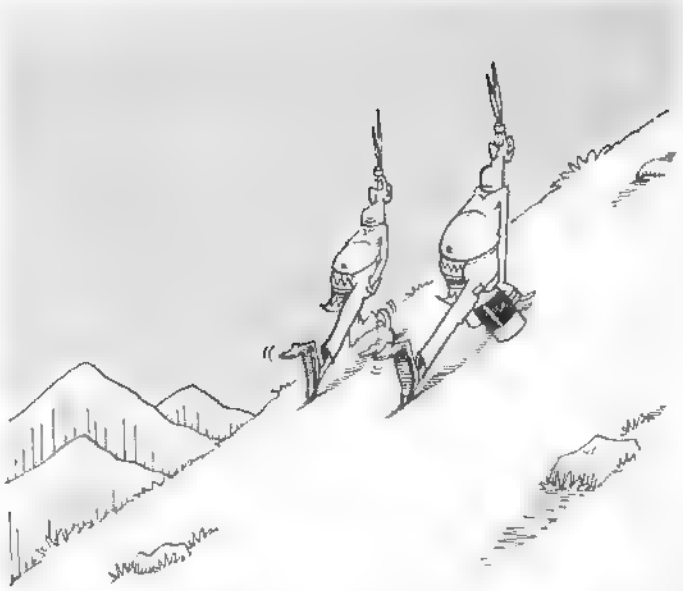
What'd he **steal??**

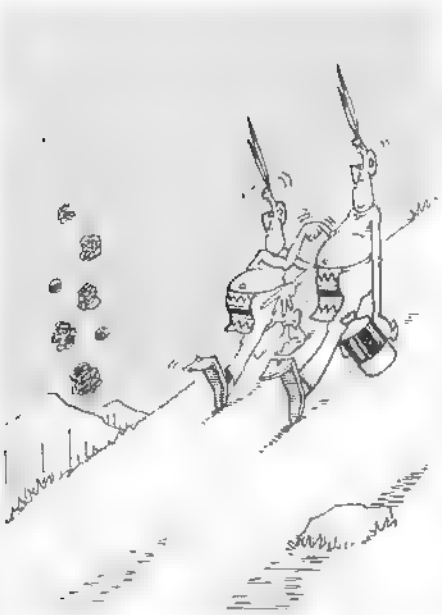
HE—HE STOLE MY GARBAGE!!

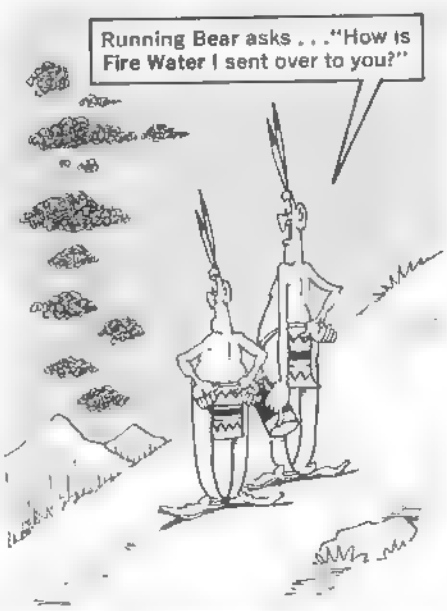
Boy, I have to go to the bathroom so bad, my back teeth are swimming!
Then why don't you go?
BOYS
You kidding?!? I wouldn't go near the place! Last time I was in there, "Big Dom" and "Rocko The Knife" mugged me for five bucks!
Did you report it to the Principal?
Are you crazy?!?
There's nothing worse than a SNITCHER!!
I was really scared to walk the streets in this city! I mean, there's so much talk about robberies and muggings!
NE WAY
Then I got myself this Attack Dog— and now I'm not scared anymore!
Gee, Attack Dogs are expensive, aren't they?
You bet!. This mutt cost me over $500!
Oh, wow! Where'd you get that kind of bread?!?
I mugged a few people!
Gulp! This is one rough-looking neighborhood! I'm really scared stiff to be walking through it alone!
Oh, no! Now, there's a big Black guy following me! I think I'm in heavy trouble!
The faster I walk, the faster HE walks!!
Gulp! I wish that big White guy would walk slower!
This is one rough-looking neighborhood . . . and I'm really scared stiff to be walking through it alone!
David Berg

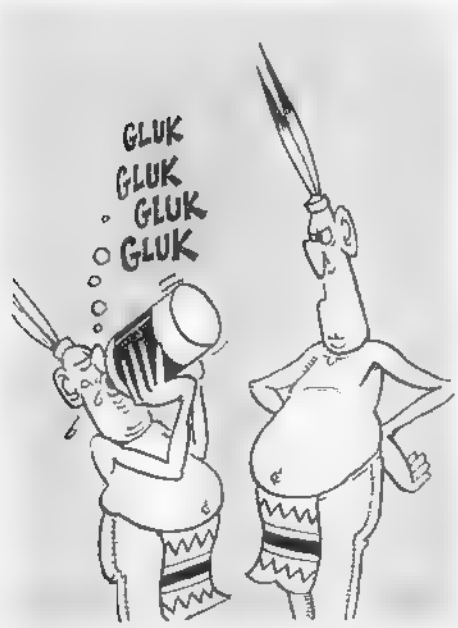
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE AFTERNOON IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY







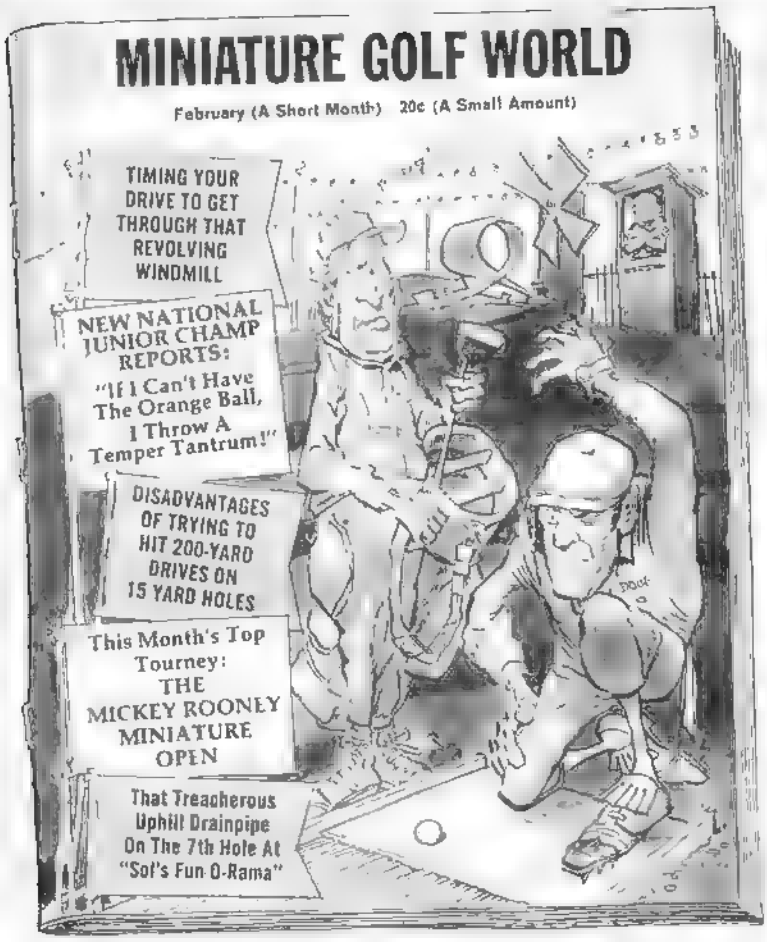


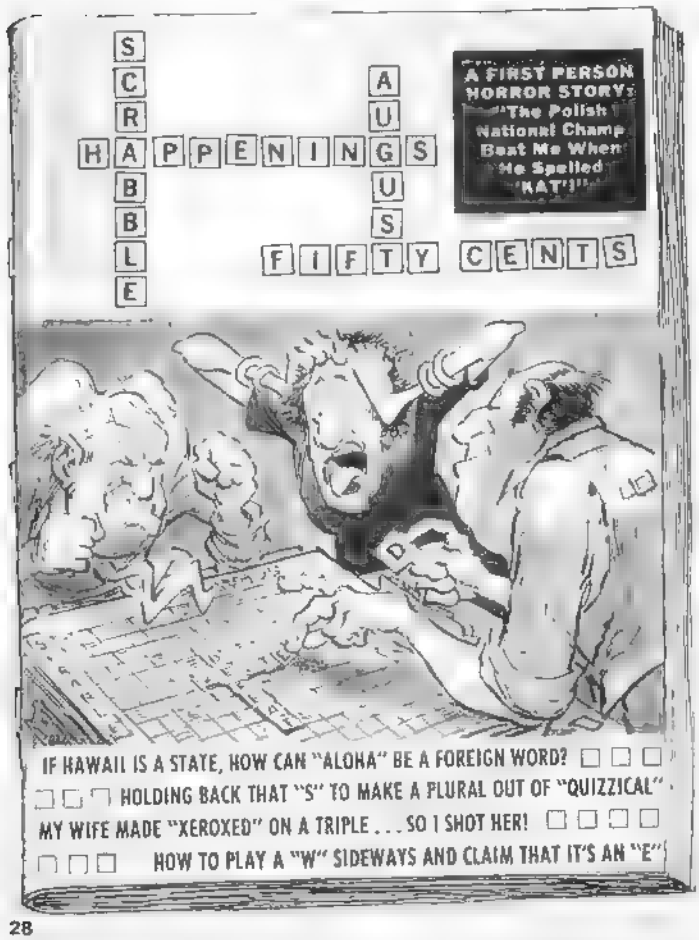
GAMES OF NIL DEPT.

It would seem that this country has at least as many Sports Magazines as it needs, and probably quite a few more than anybody wants. Because a recent survey turned up almost 400 of them, covering a flock of leisure time activities from Archery to Yachting. Why, Motorcycling alone has about three dozen publications, presumably all trying to appeal to the same three dozen motorcyclists who know how to read. But

MAGAZI NEGLECTE

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS





strangely enough, MAD finds that many pastimes enjoyed by millions do not have any magazines at all devoted to them. This strikes us as an undemocratic threat to freedom of the press,. and also a great chance for some sharp operator to make a bundle (Besides the writer of this article who came up with the stupid idea!). So MAD herewith passes along to magazine publishers its suggestions for a whole new crop of

NES FOR D SPORTS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

The Paper Airplane Pilot

WINDY SEASON
1 9 7 3

PRICE: TWO DOLLARS
(But Each Page Is Printed On Genuine Foldable Paper!

MANAGER

TIPS ON CLIP PLACEMENT FOR MAXIMUM THRUST POTENTIAL

WHY THE SOVIETS TRAIL US: "Pravda" Makes Lousy Airplane Paper

CAN WE REALLY SAIL A PAPER SPACE CRAFT TO THE MOON?

"MY X-25-RJ HIT THE TEACHER IN THE HEAD, SO SHE FLUNKED ME!

This Month's Paper Aircraft Tragedy: "I FOLDED MY PAYCHECK INTO A PLANE, AND IT FLEW OUT THE WINDOW!

The Solitaire Player's Companion

MONOTONY 1973 PRICE: A QUARTER (FACE DOWN)

A Tragic True Story: "I PLAYED WITH A 51-CARD DECK AND LOST EVERY GAME FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS!"

The Only Entry In The 1972 National Tournament Loses

Why You Always Turn Up A Red Jack, Except When You Need One

CAN THEY ARREST YOU FOR BETTING WITH YOURSELF ON SOLITAIRE?

"MY HUSBAND HID MY DECK OF CARDS, SO I CUT HIM INTO FOUR EQUAL PILES!"
By Lucille "Looney Lucy" Fledblatt

The CARNIVAL & COUNTRY FAIR GAMESTER

Long Hot Summer
1 9 7 3

Price: Only 25¢, Neighbor (How Can You Lose?)

So You Finally Won An Eight-Foot Stuffed Panda! Now What...?

THIS MONTH'S MIDWAY SUCCESS STORY: "I Tested My Manliness On The Strength Machine . . . And Won A Dolly!"

THE REAL HE-MAN'S CARNIVAL SPORT: TROLLING FOR CELLULOID FISH

The 1972 Ring Toss Champion Confesses: "It Cost Me Nearly $300 To Win A Solid Aluminum Ash Tray!"

Report From Death Row: "I Aimed An Air Rifle At A Plastic Duck— And Killed The Sheriff!"

LIBERAL IN THE FAMILY DEPT.

Most of our favorite songs are (1) written by men, (2) written from a man's point of view, or (3) ballads that treat women as soft, lovely, feminine creatures. But now Woman's Lib is changing every-

OLD STA
REWRITTE
LIBERATE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

The Equal Rights Hymn

(Sung to the tune of "Come Back To Me")

Burn your bra!
Cut your hair!
Right is right!
Fair is fair!
Till we get
Everywhere
E-qual-i-ty!

Shout it out
Like it is!
Make 'em all
Call you Ms!
Up with ours
Down with his
E-qual-i-ty!

Make those pigs
Understand
That we're taking command
Everywhere in the land!
Let 'em moan -
They won't own
You and me!

Do your bit!
Quote Friedan!
Let the grit
Hit the fan!

When your home's gone to pot—
When your marriage is shot
You will know that you've got
E-qual-i-ty!

The Anti-Chivalry Anthem

(Sung to the tune of "Mame")

Who...o-pens...doors when we get in cars?
Men!
Who...buys...us...drinks when we go to bars?
Men!
Who gives us seats in buses
Just so we won't get weary in the feet?
Who makes those great big fusses
And takes us by the arm to cross the street?

Who...sends...us...bon-bons, perfume and flowers?
Men!
Who...lets...us...gab on and on for hours?
Men!
They claim they're idolizing us—
We know they're patronizing us
Deep down they're all despising us!
Men!

one's outlook, which means it's only a matter of time before the once weaker sex takes over popular music along with everything else. When this happens, we'll probably be hearing and suffering with these . . .

NDARDS
N FOR THE
D WOMAN

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS IDEA: MS. M. PESEK

TheWardrobe Waltz

(Sung to the tune of
"My Favorite Things")

Coats made of beaver and shoulder-strap purses,
Boots with high heels and a cape that reverses,
Bright silken scarves and a perfume that clings
These were a few of our feminine things.

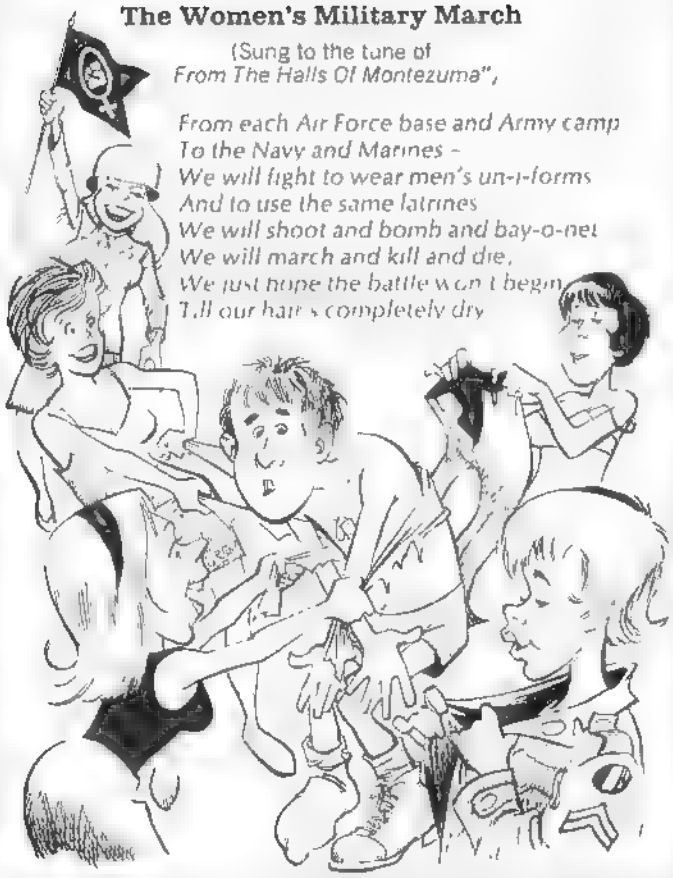
Hair-dos and face-lifts and wigs in resplendance,
Belts of blue satin and cameo pendants,
Rich, golden bracelets and emerald rings,
These were a few of our feminine things.

If you wonder,
Why we hate them,
Take a look, and then
You'll find that each one of
These feminine things
Is now being used . . . by men.

The Women's Military March

(Sung to the tune of
From The Halls Of Montezuma",

From each Air Force base and Army camp
To the Navy and Marines –
We will fight to wear men's un-i-forms
And to use the same latrines
We will shoot and bomb and bay-o-net
We will march and kill and die,
We just hope the battle won't begin
Till our hair's completely dry



Melody For A Maiden Name

(Sung to the tune of
"Maria")

Skryplynzski–
I want to be called Ann Skryplynzski,
All other names I scorn –
It's mine since I was born,
You see

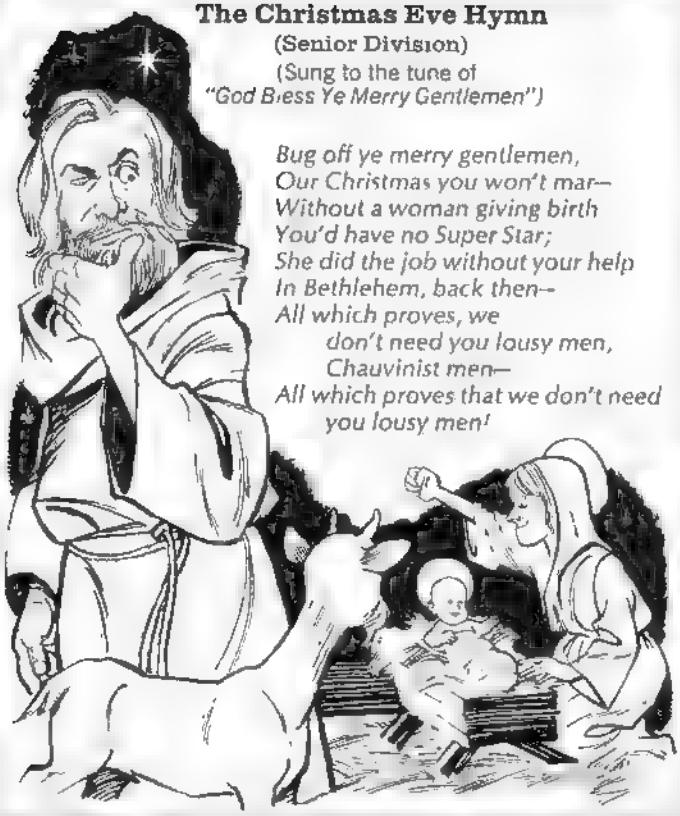
Skryplynzski–
I never will part with Skryplynzski,
I'd rather die of shame
Than use my husband's name
Of Lee

Skryplynzski–
Say it once and feel lib-er-a-ted–
Say it twice and your tongue's dis-located–
Skryplynzski–
They'll write on my tombstone Skryplynzski

The Christmas Eve Hymn

(Senior Division)

(Sung to the tune of
"God Bless Ye Merry Gentlemen")



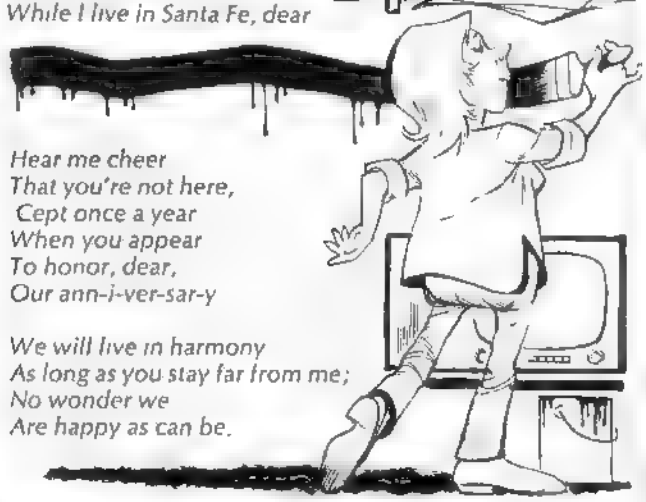
Bug off ye merry gentlemen,
Our Christmas you won't mar—
Without a woman giving birth
You'd have no Super Star;
She did the job without your help
In Bethlehem, back then—
All which proves, we
don't need you lousy men,
Chauvinist men—
All which proves that we don't need
you lousy men!

Anthem For A Liberated Marriage

(Sung to the tune of
"Tea For Two")

See how we
Make marriage do—
It's me for me
And you for you,
Yes, me for me
And you for you
Today.

Separate dinners
At separate tables,
And separate TVs
With separate cables—
You live in Boston
While I live in Santa Fe, dear



Hear me cheer
That you're not here,
Cept once a year
When you appear
To honor, dear,
Our ann-i-ver-sar-y

We will live in harmony
As long as you stay far from me;
No wonder we
Are happy as can be.

The Christmas Eve Hymn

(Junior Division)

(Sung to the tune of
"Santa Claus Is Coming To Town")

You better not fret;
You better not jeer;
We're gonna upset
Tradition this year—
Santa's wife is coming to town!

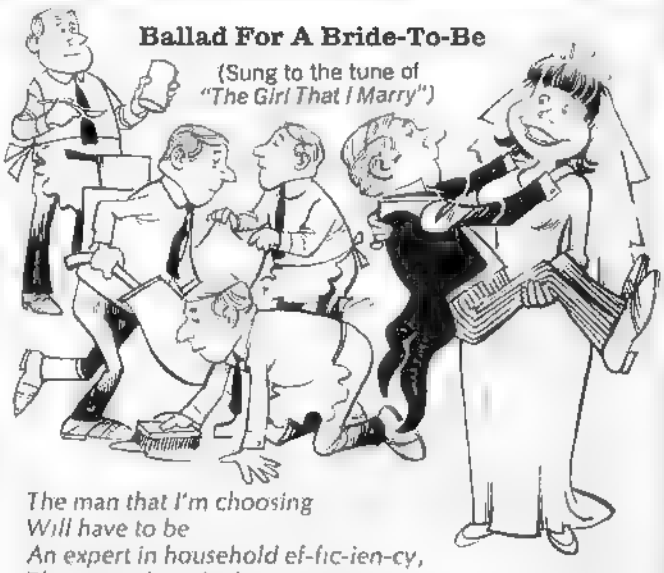
She's driving the sleigh;
She's running the trip;
She's wearing the pants
And cracking the whip—
Santa's wife is coming to town!

She won't use any rein-deer
To pull her sleigh, because
She wants to show that she's in charge,
So she's using Santa Claus!

So what'll we get
In '73?
The biggest old bag
You ever did see—
Santa's wife is coming to town!

Ballad For A Bride-To-Be

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl That I Marry")



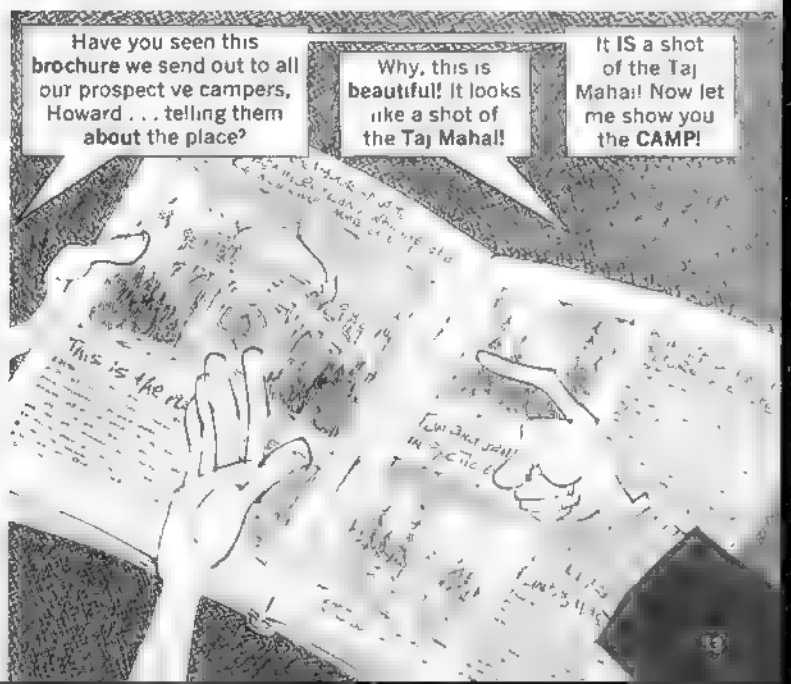
The man that I'm choosing
Will have to be
An expert in household ef-fic-ien-cy,
The gent whom I adore
Will cook pot-roast for two while he glo-coats the floor,
He'll launder my undies with loving care;
He'll serve up the snacks when my Lib group's there;
He's repairing
What I'm tearing—
Like this rip in the pants suit I'm wearing;
A wife I'm abusing
The man that I'm choosing
Will be.

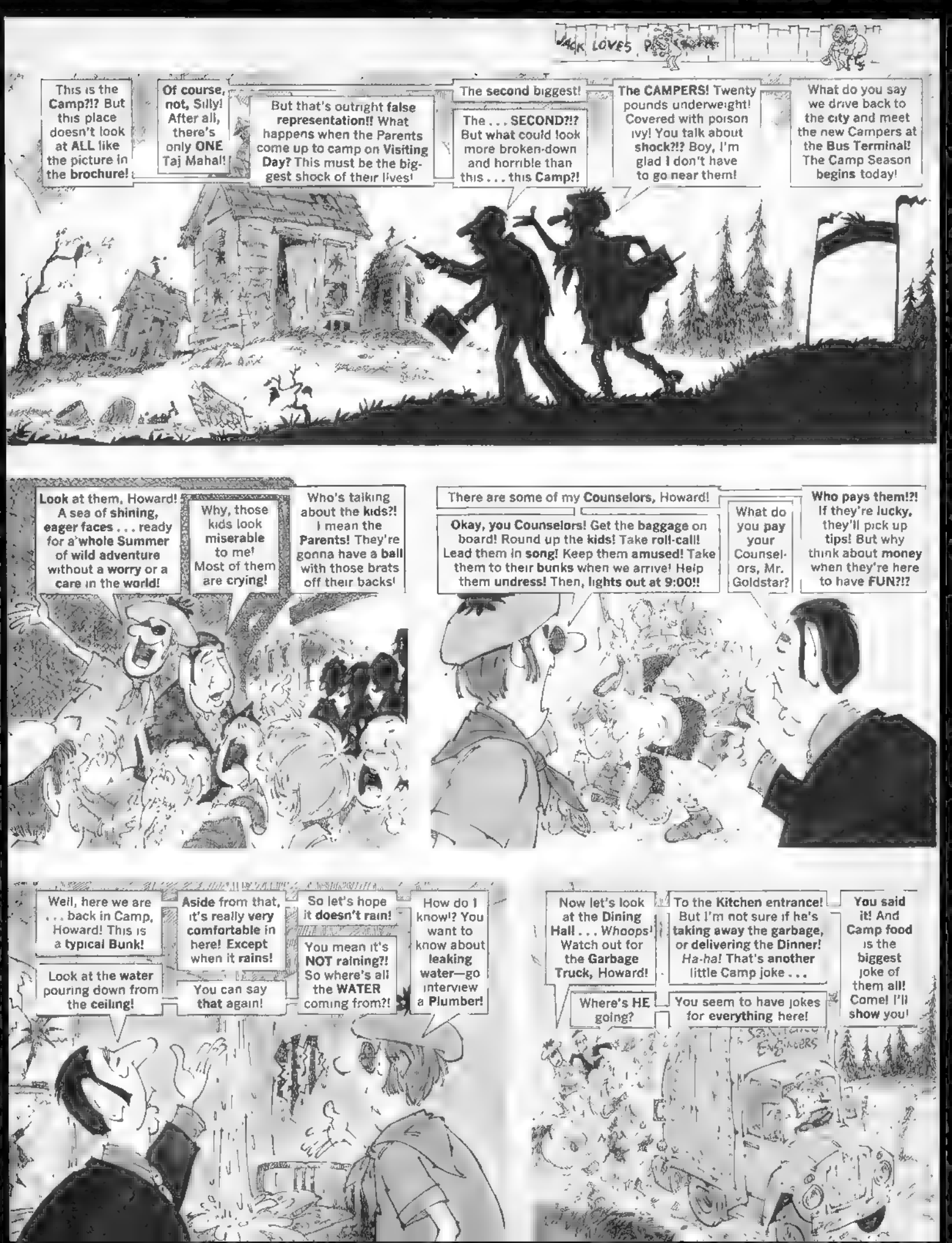
BUNK DEALERS DEPT.

Hello! I'm **Howard Excell!** Every so often, MAD Magazine selects famous TV interviewers to speak to important business or professional leaders in various fields. Well, this issue, **I lose!** So join me now as I interview **Mr. Sidney Goldstar,** who has just been chosen . . .

MAD'S SUMMER CAMP OWNER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL




JACK LOVES PIZZA
This is the Camp?!? But this place doesn't look at ALL like the picture in the brochure!
Of course, not, Silly! After all, there's only ONE Taj Mahal!
But that's outright false representation!! What happens when the Parents come up to camp on Visiting Day? This must be the biggest shock of their lives!
The second biggest!
The . . . SECOND?!? But what could look more broken-down and horrible than this . . . this Camp?!
The CAMPERS! Twenty pounds underweight! Covered with poison ivy! You talk about shock?!? Boy, I'm glad I don't have to go near them!
What do you say we drive back to the city and meet the new Campers at the Bus Terminal! The Camp Season begins today!
Look at them, Howard! A sea of shining, eager faces . . . ready for a whole Summer of wild adventure without a worry or a care in the world!
Why, those kids look miserable to me! Most of them are crying!
Who's talking about the kids?! I mean the Parents! They're gonna have a ball with those brats off their backs!
There are some of my Counselors, Howard!
Okay, you Counselors! Get the baggage on board! Round up the kids! Take roll-call! Lead them in song! Keep them amused! Take them to their bunks when we arrive! Help them undress! Then, lights out at 9:00!!
What do you pay your Counselors, Mr. Goldstar?
Who pays them!?! If they're lucky, they'll pick up tips! But why think about money when they're here to have FUN?!?
Well, here we are . . . back in Camp, Howard! This is a typical Bunk!
Look at the water pouring down from the ceiling!
Aside from that, it's really very comfortable in here! Except when it rains!
You can say that again!
So let's hope it doesn't rain!
You mean it's NOT raining?! So where's all the WATER coming from?!
How do I know!? You want to know about leaking water—go interview a Plumber!
Now let's look at the Dining Hall . . . Whoops! Watch out for the Garbage Truck, Howard!
Where's HE going?
To the Kitchen entrance! But I'm not sure if he's taking away the garbage, or delivering the Dinner! Ha-ha! That's another little Camp joke . . .
You seem to have jokes for everything here!
You said it! And Camp food is the biggest joke of them all! Come! I'll show you!

Let's see if the kids have started eating yet!

Yecch!

Uggh!

I'm getting sick!

Gaggh! I'm—dying!

Yep! They started!

Tell me, Mr. Goldstar . . . why do they always serve such terrible food in Summer Camps?

Well, as far as THIS Camp is concerned, it's an old Family Tradition! It was passed down by my Father, and my Father's Father before him!

Come to think of it, so was most of the food!!

Well . . . at least ONE of the kids here seems to enjoy the food!

WHERE?!? There's always gotta be a freak in the crowd!

Him?! Oh, he's got a package from home! Er—what's he eating?

From what I can see, he's finishing the string, and now he's sucking on the stamps!

A hungry bugger, eh? Well, that just shows you what outdoor life can do for you!

I've noticed that the kids here are very well-behaved! How do you discipline them?

Well, Howard, we don't believe in punishment! Instead, we use rewards!

In other words, if they behave, they get to see a movie?

No, if they behave, they get to go to bed without any supper!

And this is Lake Whinniehaha . . . our beautiful Camp lake!

You . . . you call this rotten little water-hole a "LAKE"!?

Well, actually it's a Man-made lake!

You mean that you excavated it . . . paved the bottom . . . and filled it with water?!?

Not quite! See, what happened was . . . my wife accidentally drove the station wagon into a large gopher hole and broke open a sewer pipe!

So your statement is an out-and-out LIE, Mr. Goldstar! This is NO Man-made lake!

Okay, so sue me! It's a WOMAN-made lake!!

MASSAGE PARLOR

Do you think it's wise to let the kids go swimming so soon after eating? They could get terrible cramps!
The way I look at it, they always get terrible cramps after eating, anyway, Howard!
Besides, what could happen in two feet of water?
It's only two feet?!?
At the DIVING end! Later on in the year, we have Water Contests! The kids have to go from one end of the lake to the other! The winners get Red Cross WADING Certificates!

The important thing, Howard, is to keep the kids busy . . . to take their minds off how bored they really are!
And that's where Arts & Crafts comes in?!?
Yep! That kid's cutting himself some leather for a wallet! This kid's cutting himself some wood . . .
And what is that kid doing . . . ?
He's just cutting himself!

But with a little medication and a lot of pain, he'll be as good as new in a month or two!
Gee! The poor kid!
Don't feel sorry for him! Look at the bright side! The wound will take his mind off the most boring thing of all around here!
What's that?
Arts & Crafts!!

We're in luck, Howard! There's a baseball game in progress on Camp Whinnie-haha Field!
You should have seen it BEFORE we had it leveled! But the kids have fun playing here! Why, last year, we had a Center Fielder who was a potential Major Leaguer!
You call that mess a baseball field?!?
What happened to him . . . ?
He was carried off by an Eagle!

Uncle Sid! Uncle Sid! Jimmy Finster is LOST!!
Oh, my God . . . another Eagle!
No . . . he was playing Right Field . . . and he—he just disappeared!
Okay, send out the Camp St. Bernard to look for him!
We can't! We sent out the Camp St. Bernard to look for our LEFT Fielder!
Y-you mean Tommy Gink is lost, too?!?
So's the St. Bernard!

I understand you have Horseback Riding here!
We used to! Last year! But no more!
What happened?
The Horse died! Good ol' Dobbin! The kids really LOVED that mangy nag!
I can well imagine!
Yep! With a little ketchup and pickle, he was delicious! The only meal they ever enjoyed here!

I must say, this place is not exactly the height of luxury!
What do you EXPECT for a hundred smackers a week?!?
It costs those kids a hundred a week?! For that food?! For those leaky cabins?!?
They don't sleep in those cabins every night! Take this group! Tonight, they sleep in a place that's not nearly so damp!
Oh? And where's that?
Out in the woods! Shall we go along with them on their overnight hike?
I guess a little hike won't hurt us!
Howard, THEY hike! We drive!
Let's go, you *¢%$#!'s! Snap to it! Look alive out there! Close ranks! Any of you *&%$#!#$'s fall down, you crawl the rest of the way on your *&¢%$#! hands and knees!
Ha-ha, forgive me, Howard, I sort of got carried away ever since I saw "Patton"!
Well, here we are in the great outdoors! This is the life, eh, Howard? Sitting around a blazing campfire, toasting marshmallows!
I'm cold!
I'm tired!
I'm lonely!
I'm sick!
Gee, I feel sorry for those kids!
They'll shut up in a minute, just as soon as they get something to eat!
How can you be so sure?
Did YOU ever try talking with hot, gooey marshmallows in your mouth?!?
There's nothing like the haunting romantic sounds of the forest at night, eh, Howard? Listen to the wind in the trees, the crickets chirping, the owls hooting, the snakes rustling, the terrified kids whimpering in cold fear . . .
Where do WE sleep, Mr. Goodstar?
Back at Camp, you Ninny! If you think I'm going to hang around this JUNGLE for one more minute, you are NUTS!!
Here they come . . . Whinnie—haha's Hikers . . . returning from the woods!
They look more like Napoleon's Army . . . retreating from Moscow!
I hope the Camp Dispensary is well-stocked with supplies!
We don't stint in that area! We have what every Camp Dispensary has: 27 bottles of Aspirin, and 18 bottles of Calamine Lotion!
What about Medical Equipment?!?
Oh, yes . . . ! And one Rectal Thermometer!

I was bitten by a big black poisonous snake, Mr. Goldstar, and I'm gonna die!

Sorry! We've got nothing for that!

I sprained my back tripping over a Skunk!

We can't help you!

I broke three toes running from a Mountain Lion!

We can't help you either! Look, kids, all we've got here is Calamine Lotion and Aspirin!

I've got poison ivy, and I've got a terrible headache from worrying about it!

YOU, we can help!

Mr. Goldstar, I can't stand it any longer! This is a terrible place! The kids live in misery! I'm leaving!

Relax, Howard! You're getting overwrought! Look, I'll tell you what! Why don't you come over to my Bunk on the other side of the Camp, and we'll have a little drink! You'll feel better!

O.K., but then I'm leaving!

Well . . . how do you like it, Howard?

THIS . . . is your BUNK?!?

That's right! And this is my wife Selma, and these are my two kids! Every Summer, I love to come out here in the wilderness, open up the Camp, and rough it!

Selma, you wanna turn the air conditioner up a bit?

Like I always say, it's good for the soul to get out in God's country and grapple with the elements!

Selma, you wanna turn off the Stereo . . . and start my Sauna Bath . . . ?

Mr. Goldstar, how can you live like this while your Campers out there live the way they do?

Very simple! You charge the Parents a fortune, put nothing into the Camp, invest in Blue Chips—

Sidney . . . could I speak to you for a moment?

Later, Selma!

Besides, Howard . . . aren't you exaggerating? Actually, it's a healthy, invigorating life for those youngsters! And it helps them to become better, self-reliant adult Americans!

Sidney!

What IS it, Selma?

Sidney, you gotta do something about our kids! They've been fighting all day! I'm not gonna have those brats hanging around the house and driving me nuts all summer!

What do you wanna DO with them?!?

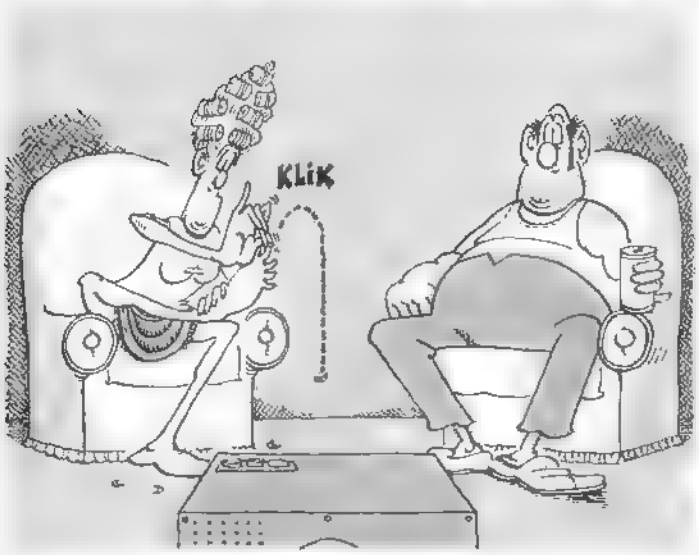
How about sending them to CAMP?!?

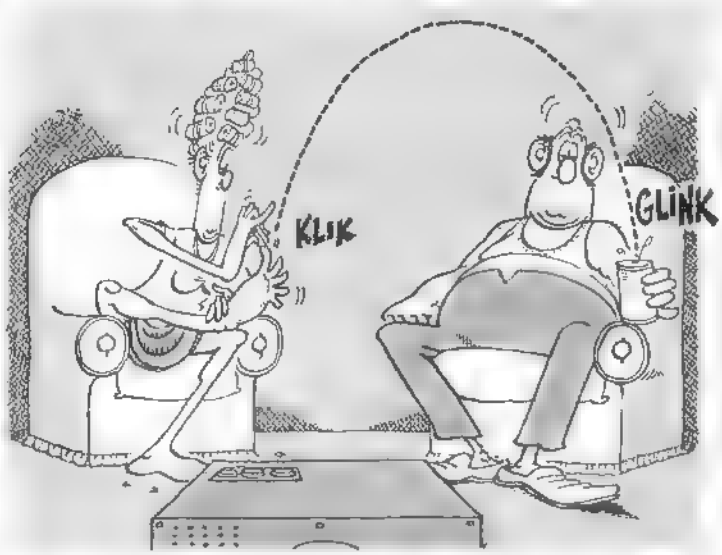
Camp?!? Are you out of your mind?!? Send my kids to Camp?!? To live like pigs?!? Do you know what it's like out there? The miserable food! The terrible living conditions! The unspeakable filth! Maybe YOU don't love your kids! Maybe YOU wanna send them to an early grave! Not ME!! Oh, no! I'm Sidney Goldstar! I've got a conscience! I've got pride, and—

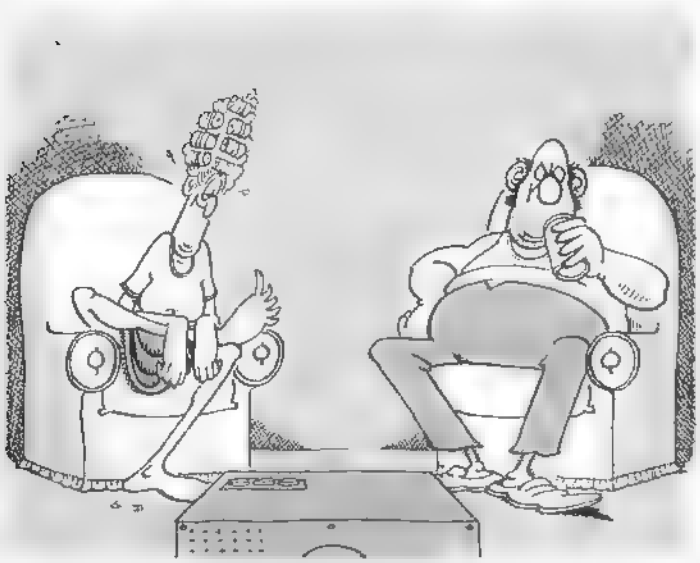
And I'm Howard Excell, and I've got an upset stomach! So, back to MAD!

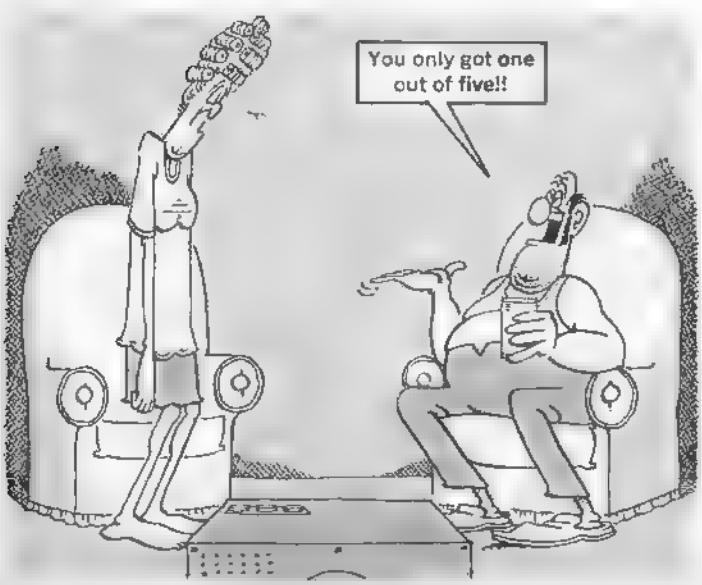
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE EVENING AT HOME





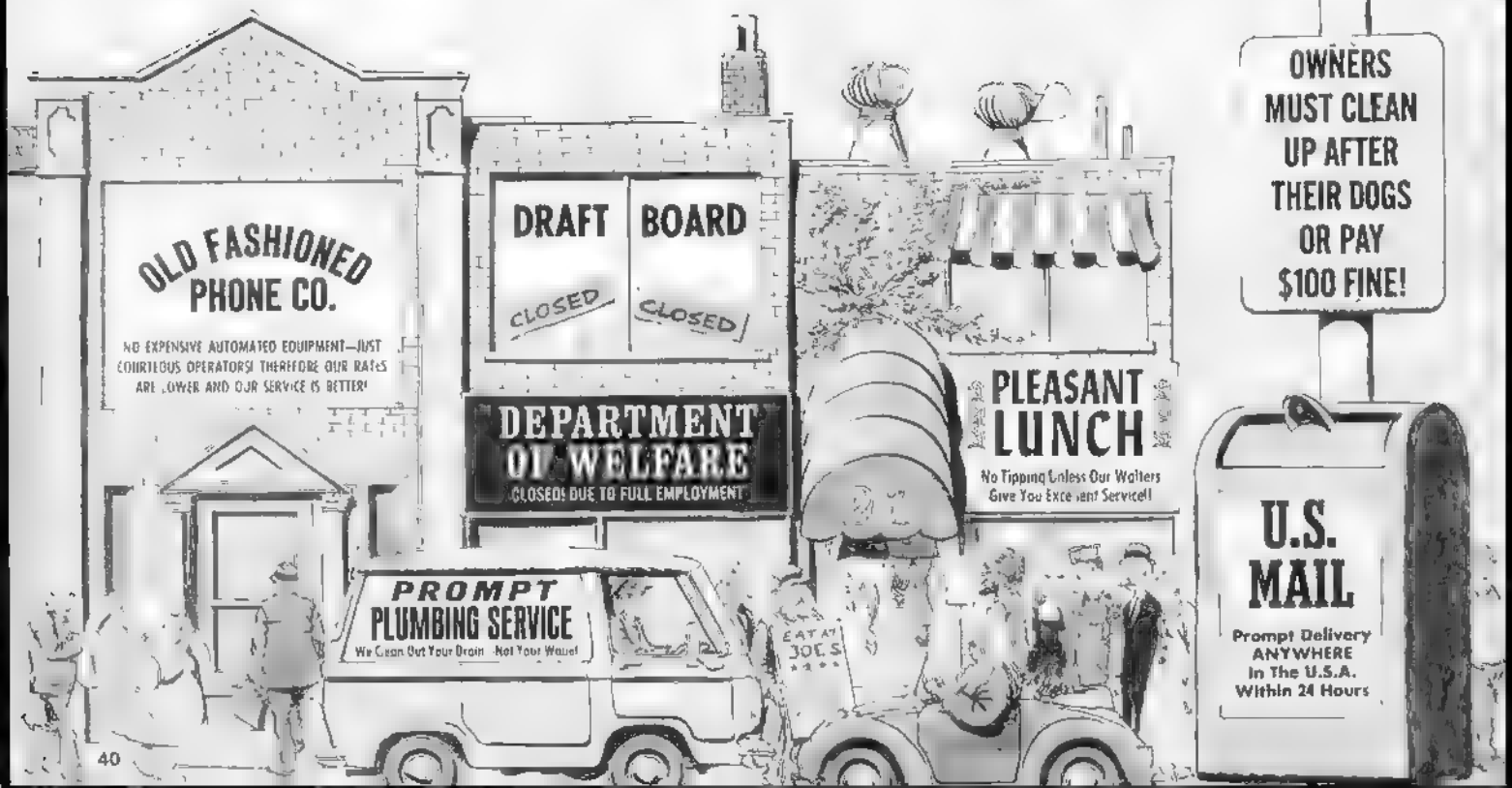


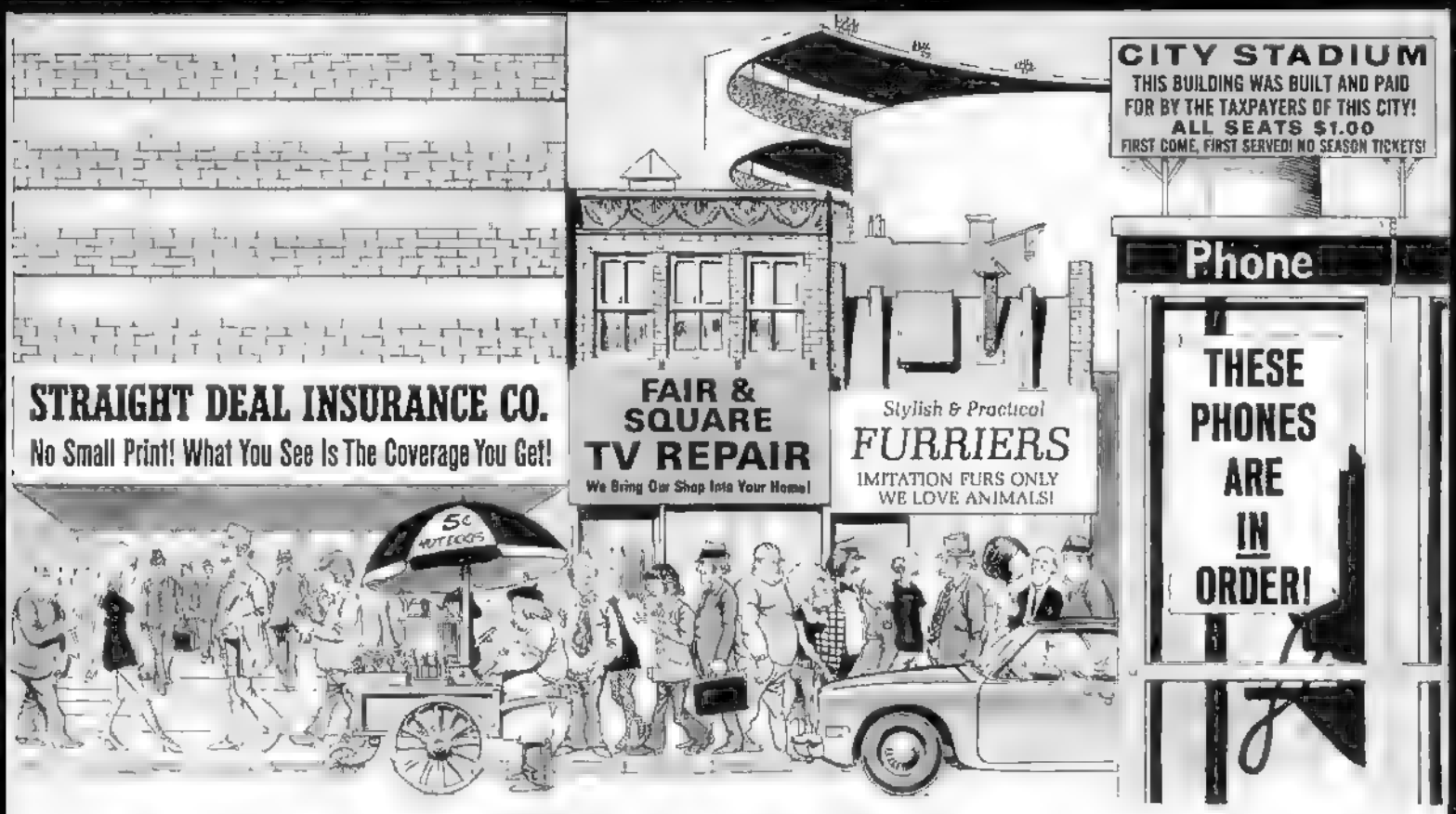


THOROUGHFARE-PLAY DEPT. PART I

A MAD CITY STREET SC

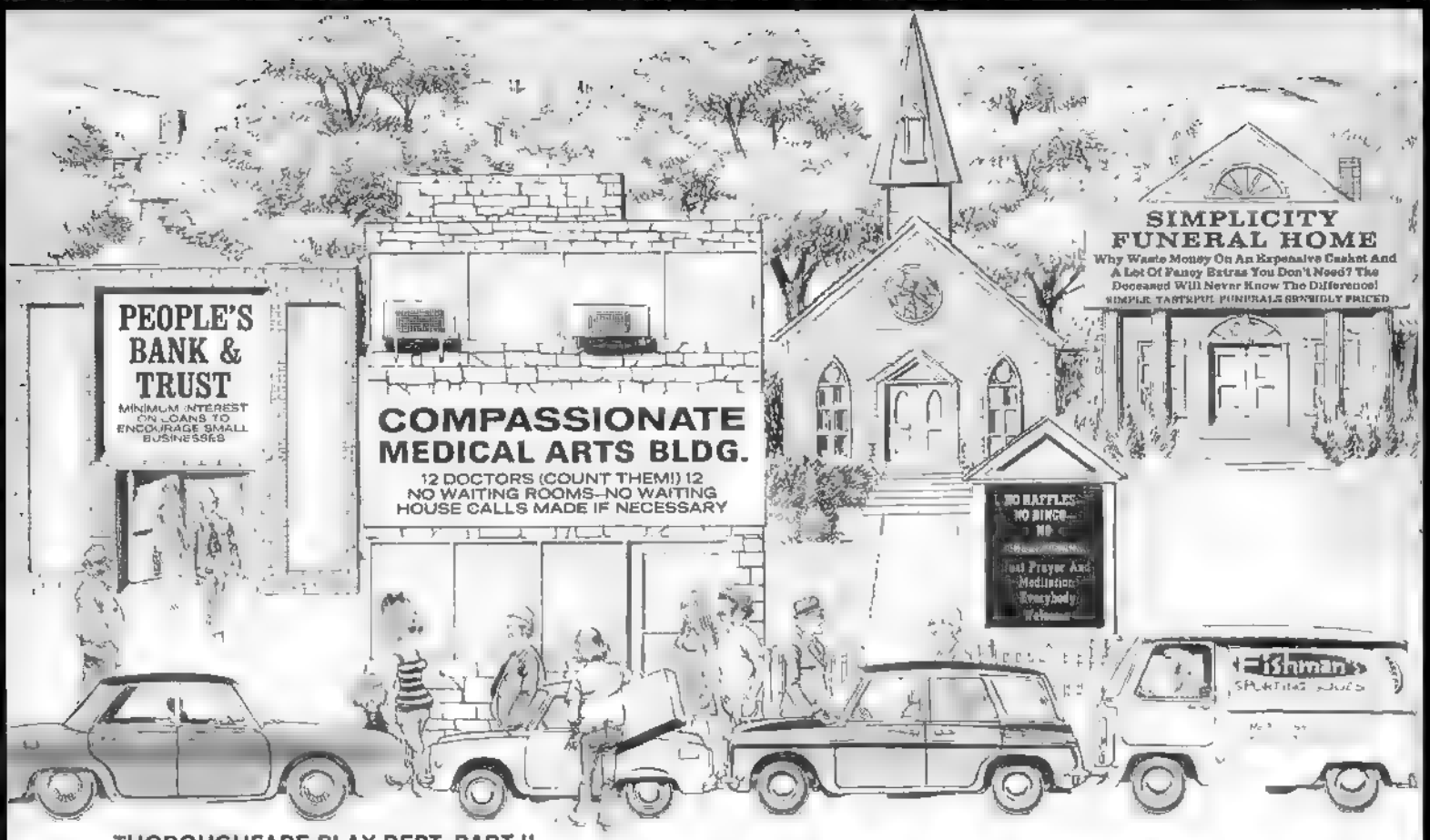
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





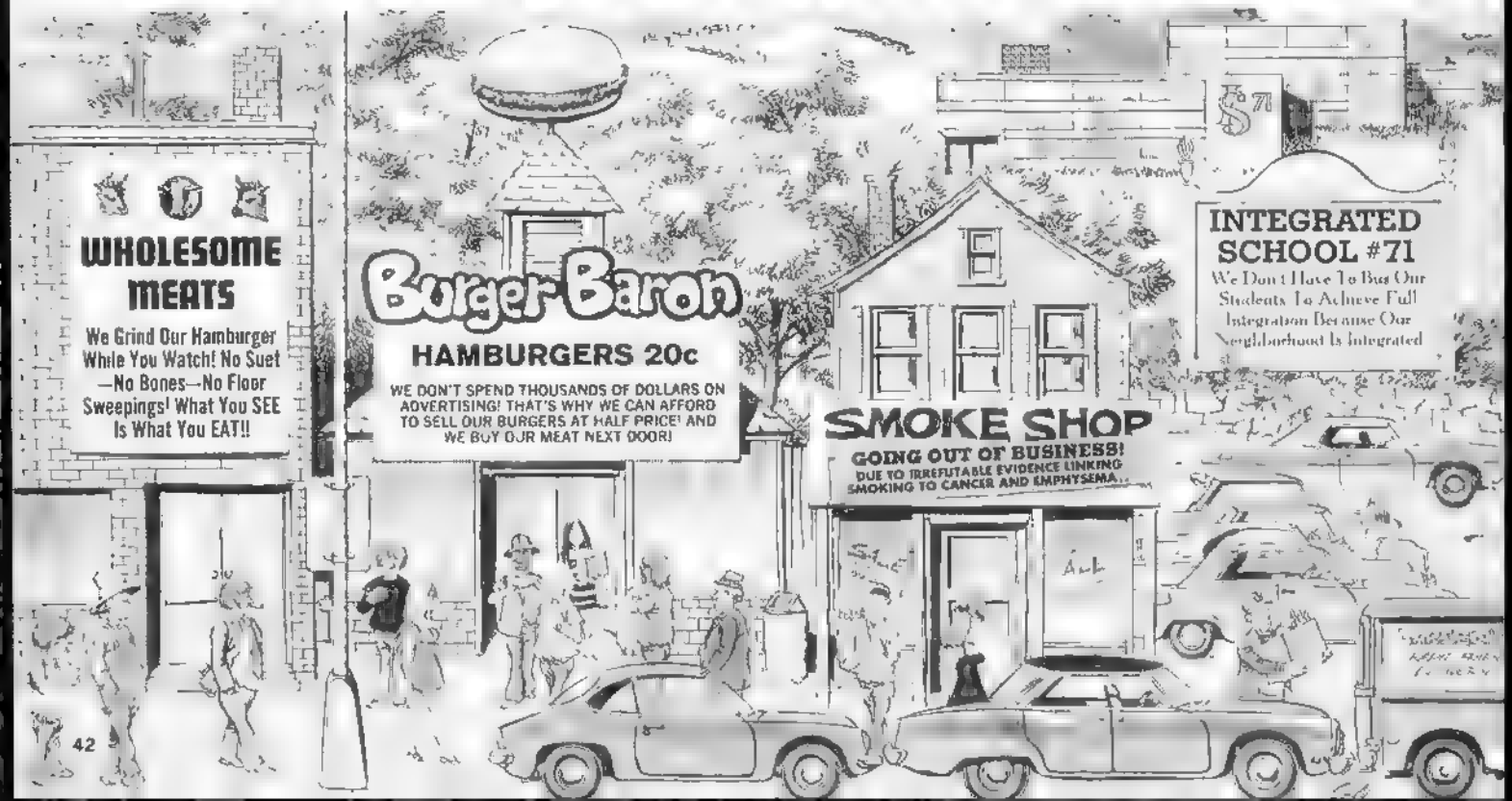
ENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



THOROUGHFARE-PLAY DEPT. PART II

A MAD SUBURBAN STREET SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE

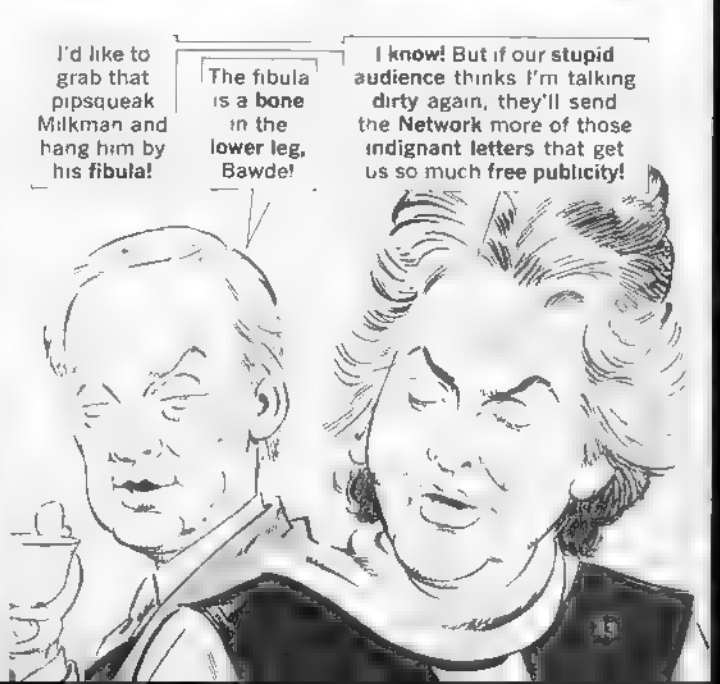


MS.-ICAL COMEDY DEPT.

After subjecting the American TV Viewing Public to "*All In The Family*," in which the Right-Wing Reactionary point of view was thoroughly misrepresented, and bigotry was depicted as lovable, C.B.S. is now blessing the Left-Wing Liberal point of view with *equal time* . . . and *equal misrepresentation* . . . by subjecting the TV Viewing Public to the ravings of a large loud lady named

BAWDE

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: TOM KOCH



Now, everybody clear out! I've been appointed by the League of Baritone Women to head up their "Voter Registration Drive", and I have a lot of calls to make!

Wallow, don't be ridiculous! You are the very type we want to take the vote AWAY FROM . . . a middle class white Male! Yeccccch!!

You can start with ME, Bawde! I'M not registered to vote!

'Bye, Mom! If you need me, I'll be making hand grenades for the Black Panthers all morning! I'll be at an Anarchist Lunch Rally! And this afternoon, I'm helping Weathermen throw rocks at Public Buildings!

That's really great, Dear . . .

I'll just be at the Hospital . . . performing delicate surgery to save a victim of a Coronary!

Artery . . . when are you ever going to stop fooling around and start making something of yourself?!?

What do you mean, you can't register to vote because you're not a citizen?!? Listen, Golda, I didn't blow twenty bucks on an overseas call just to have you turn me down!

Oh I wish I wuz in de land ub cotton!

Utah . . . I don't want to hear you singing that song in this house again!

What's wrong with it?

It merely reinforces the stereotyped image of your people that bigots already have! Now, tap dance out to the kitchen and enjoy some of that nice watermelon I bought you!

DING DONG

Just sign your little names here . . . and you can become registered voters for the Gay Liberation Party, the Universal Abortion Party, or the Pro-Porno Party . . .

Lady, we're only selling COOKIES! We don't know what those things mean!

I know you don't! But our viewers do! And you brats just gave me a chance to boost our Nielsen rating by shocking twenty million people three times in one sentence!

I'll buy ALL of your cookies if you each pick out fifty ethnics to call and demand that they vote against WASP chauvinist swine!

Bawde, why don't you give all this up, and use your natural ability to help people who really need you?

You mean . . . I should go to Washington and lobby for the under-privileged??

No, you should go to Detroit and play Linebacker for the Lions!

God will get you for that, Wallow!

Gee! That's the 217th time this season you've said that, but I never get tired of hearing it!

Why? Because it shows that I still have a sparkling wit, even though I'm angry?!?

No . . . because it still gets a laugh, even though it's NOT FUNNY!!

By the way, aren't you home from the store a little **EARLY,** Wallow? It's only **9:30 A.M.!**

I know! The Producer thought I might shock a few more **stations** into cutting us off the air this week if I just hung around the house and talked about my **hemorrhoids!**

Well, **I'm busy!** So if you plan to make a lot of **sexy remarks** leading into a **vulgar bedroom scene,** you'll have to do it with the **Maid!!**

What a **great idea!** It's so shocking, even the **Producer** hasn't thought of it yet!

Veg-a-toble Man is-a here, Lady!

Oh, **good!** I must get you registered as a **Minority Group Voter!**

I'm-a not sure that's such-a **good-a idea!**

Nonsense! Think of **Old World pride!** Wouldn't you like to some day cast a ballot for a candidate with the **same heritage** as you?

Sure! But-a who'll-a buy **veg-a-tobles** from-a me on **this-a show again** when they find out I'm-a vote for **Spiro Agnew!**

I want a big bunch of **dried carrot tops** and fifty pounds of **bananas!** Then go tell all the **neighbors** about it!

Tell 'em-a **what?** That you people eat-a **weird food?**

No . . . that we **smoke it,** and **you're our Pusher!** We **need** that type of **status symbol** to maintain our **image** as **enlightened Liberals!**

Call the Police! There's a **Spick** rooting through my **clothes closet!**

Don't **ever** use that **ugly word** to describe one of our **underprivileged Latin-American brothers!** You should be **glad** to share your wardrobe with those less fortunate—

He's already cleaned out YOUR closet!

Hold these, while I go teach that **shiftless Wetback** to keep his **greasy paws** off **White People's property!**

Stop struggling! I merely want to lend you my **understanding ear** as you pour out your pathetic tale of **oppression** that forced you into a life of **Crime!**

Then please stop tearing off **MY** understanding ear, or **nothing** will pour out except my **brains . . .** all over your **carpet!**

You shouldn't have tried to overpower him **alone,** Bawde! That's a job for the **Police!**

ME . . . turn a fellow human being over to the **brutality** of those **Fascist Pigs?! Never!!** Besides, this was the first chance I had to **practice** since I won my **Black Belt** in **Groin-Kicking!**

What an **earache** she gave me! **Ooh!**

We don't discuss mundane physical problems like **earaches** in this house! How are your **hemorrhoids?**

Don't badger him, Wallow! Tell me . . . do you prefer being called a **Chicano** or a **Mexican-American?**

Well . . . like **most Bolivians,** I don't especially like being called **either one!**

Boo! Boo Boo Boo! Boo

Remember now . . . say the first thing that pops into your mind as I read the words off this list!

Wouldn't it be far more merciful to just let the authorities work me over?

No chance! Probing your deepest psychological motivations will rid you of your anti-social behavior patterns! Either that . . . or it will drive you APE altogether!

Hi, gang! Here's where I always come in and say something stupid so everybody can see that I'm a middle-of-the-road Republican, and therefore an obvious IDIOT!

Not now, Art! Bawde is psycho-analyzing a Bolivian Burglar!

Whoo-boy! Well, I'll have to be a really super dum-dum this week to top that!

Father image!

Make up mirror!

Ghetto!

Wealthy slumlord!

Chronic unemployable!

Afro bouffant!

Unfashionably short sideburns!

Beauty school drop-out!

Somehow, those are not the normal word association responses I'd expect from a bitter, exploited Peon!

Who's a Peon?! I have a simply wonderful job over at A.B.C. . . . simonizing Efrem Zimbalist's hair!

Good Lord! He's a hairdresser for "The F.B.I." Call the Cops!

Okay! So you only broke in to see if you could use some of those God-awful long tunics she wears as Beauticians' smocks! Try telling that to Jack Webb down at headquarters!

Oh, Jackie and I are dear friends! Why, I'm the one who taught him how to walk funny!

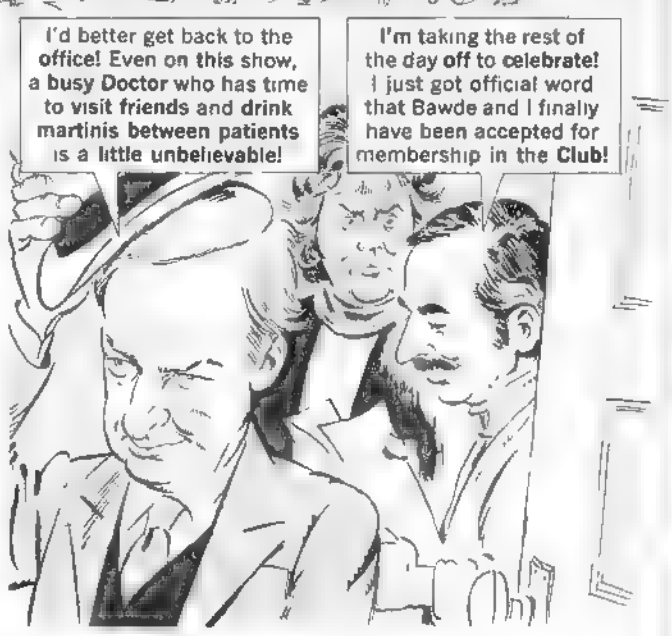
That part I can believe!

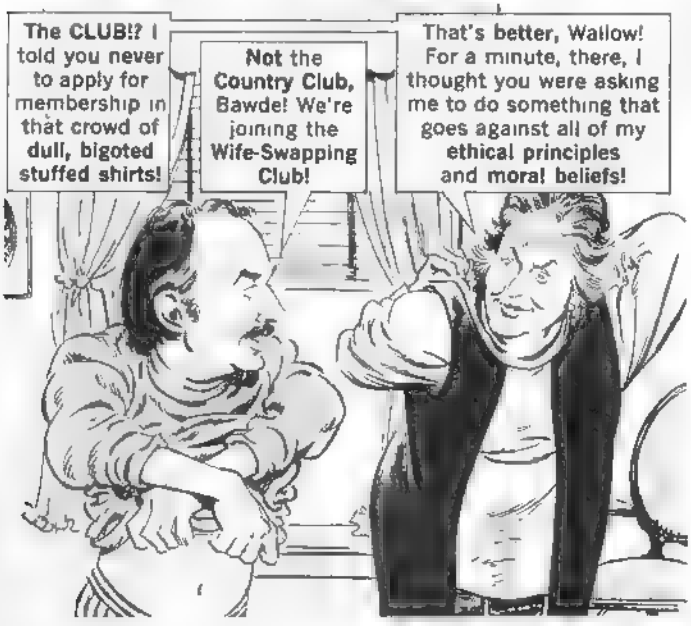
It's tragic, Wallow! When even our poor, downtrodden crooks start working for flag-wavers and hob-nobbing with the Fuzz, what's left to believe in?

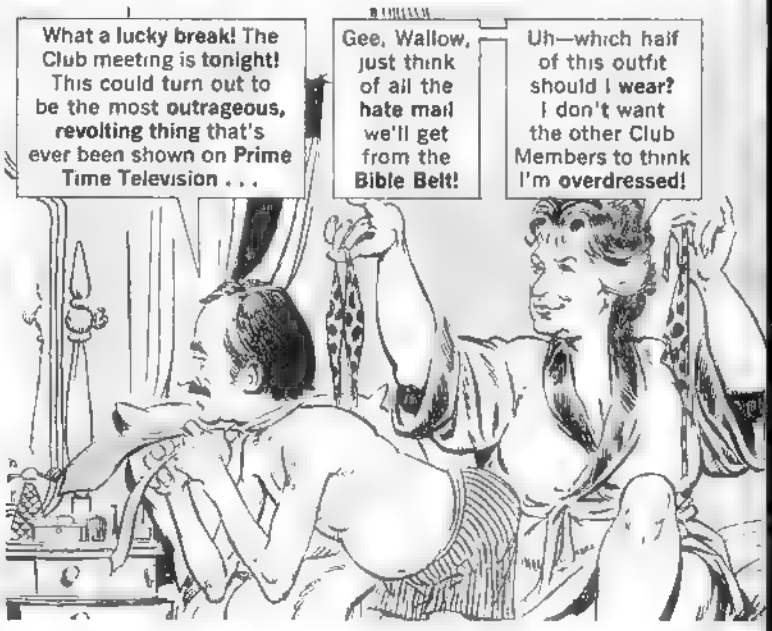
Don't cry, Bawde! Just remember, you can still count on Artery . . . world-famous Surgeon, multi-millionaire WASP, devout Right-Winger and incomparable fathead!

Right! I'll never let you down! Wanna hear my Porky Pig imitation that broke everybody up in the Operating Room today while a patient was dying??

Th— th— th— that's all, folks!
See, Dear? And don't forget, he's the nincompoop who's voted for Nixon in every election since 1932!
What did Nixon run for in 1932?
Actually, nothing! But around here, we claim that 1932's the year he was barely edged out for Fuehrer of Nazi Germany!
MC
OV


I'd better get back to the office! Even on this show, a busy Doctor who has time to visit friends and drink martinis between patients is a little unbelievable!
I'm taking the rest of the day off to celebrate! I just got official word that Bawde and I finally have been accepted for membership in the Club!


The CLUB!? I told you never to apply for membership in that crowd of dull, bigoted stuffed shirts!
Not the Country Club, Bawde! We're joining the Wife-Swapping Club!
That's better, Wallow! For a minute, there, I thought you were asking me to do something that goes against all of my ethical principles and moral beliefs!


What a lucky break! The Club meeting is tonight! This could turn out to be the most outrageous, revolting thing that's ever been shown on Prime Time Television . . .
Gee, Wallow, just think of all the hate mail we'll get from the Bible Belt!
Uh—which half of this outfit should I wear? I don't want the other Club Members to think I'm overdressed!

Suit yourself! Just so you scrunch down and put a sack over your head! I told the Club Membership Committee you were petite and gorgeous!
God'll get you for that, Wallow!
That's my girl! Now, we're assured of at least TWO laughs this week, assuming we haven't already lost our audience to the NBC Movie!

Hi, Wallow . . . and welcome to the "Naughty Over-The-Hill Swingers' Club!" Er— where's the little woman?
We never go places TOGETHER! She's not quite little enough to fit in my Sports Car! The R.E.A. Express should be delivering her soon . . .
WELCOME
Swingers
UP

Well, I guess you want to get started on the fun and games, so I'll introduce you to the hot little chick you've drawn for tonight!

Great! I can see that this is going to be a big milestone in TV Comedy . . . the pinnacle of raunchy bad taste . . . the ultimate disgusting shocker!

Edith . . . say hello to Wallow!

Pleased t' meetcha, I'm sure!

Well . . . ol' Buddy? What do you think?

I think I was right! This is definitely the ultimate disgusting shocker!

Somehow, you don't seem quite the type to be at a place like this!

Oh, I'll go anywhere to get away from home! My Husband's always throwing tantrums and spouting his crazy opinions and treating me like an idiot!

No kidding?? I thought I was the only one who had that kind of marriage!

. . . and if you attempt to talk sense, does yours try to stifle you?

That's his favorite word! My! The two of them are so much alike, you would think they were dreamed up by the same Producer!

They WERE! Which explains why we have so much in common! Now, let's go someplace and talk about US!

HI I'M MEATHEAD

A double divorce ceremony?! I'd like that! But how could we earn a living without them?

Easy! We'll start our own TV Series! Maybe call it something like "Peace and Quiet In The Family"!

Oh, that should be a big hit with all the viewers who are fed up with smut and screaming and social messages on Comedy Shows!

Yeah! And to be really different, we'll co-star a couple of kids who just act NORMAL!

GOD'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

Are you sure that's your Wife?!? It sounds exactly like my Husband!!

REA

SGRE

ECH

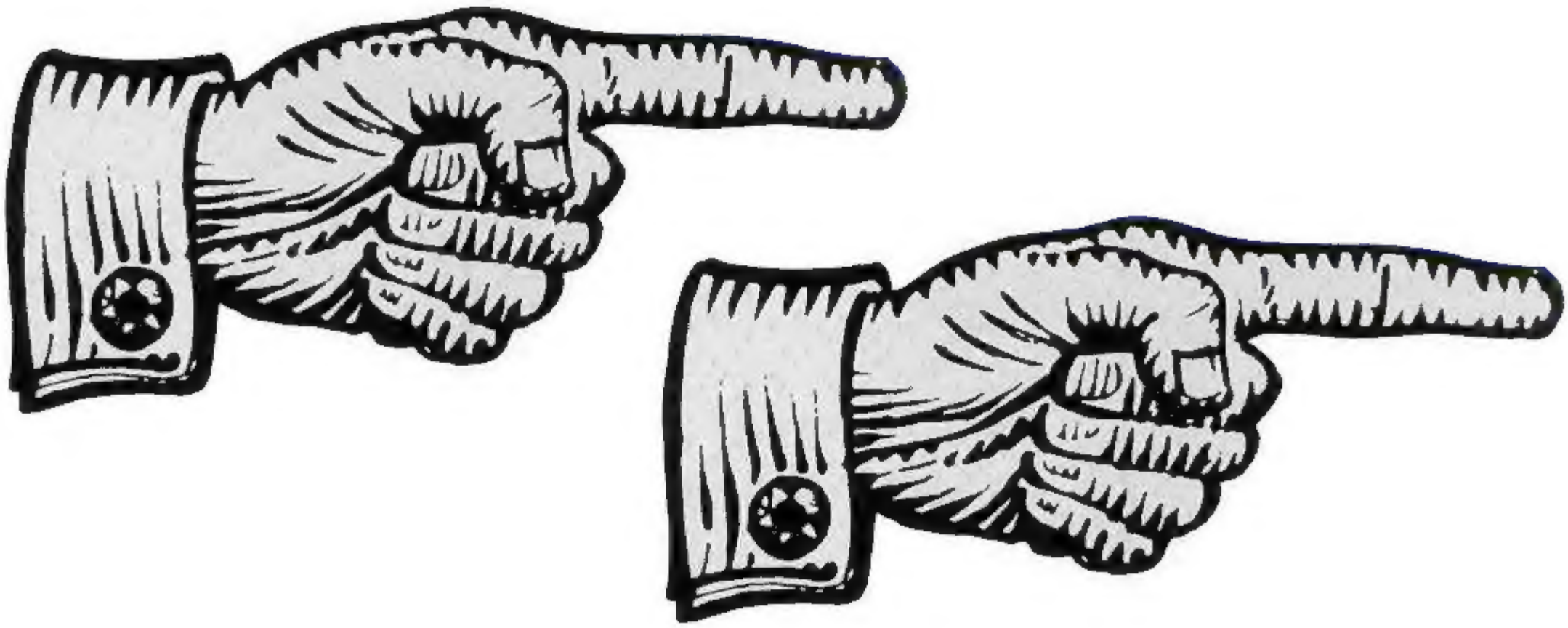
HANDLE WITH CARE

REA

FRAGI

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT OLD INDIAN TRICK IS ACTUALLY AVENGING THE WHITE MAN'S MASSACRES?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

The White Man's guns were just too much for the primitive American Indians. But the Indians had a "secret weapon" far deadlier than their bows and arrows. Today, its impact is being felt more and more. To find out exactly what this sneaky Weapon of Revenge is, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THE U.S. GOVT.'S INDIAN POLICY HAS ALWAYS BEEN BADLY TAINTED. MANY UNDESERVED, SAVAGE ARMY ATTACKS BROUGHT PALMS-OUT SURRENDERS. SUCH WARS WERE ALWAYS THE PREFACE TO SMELLY TREATIES CALCULATED TO KEEP THE INDIANS BROKE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▶ ◀B

WHAT OLD INDIAN TRICK IS ACTUALLY AVENGING THE WHITE MAN'S MASSACRES?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

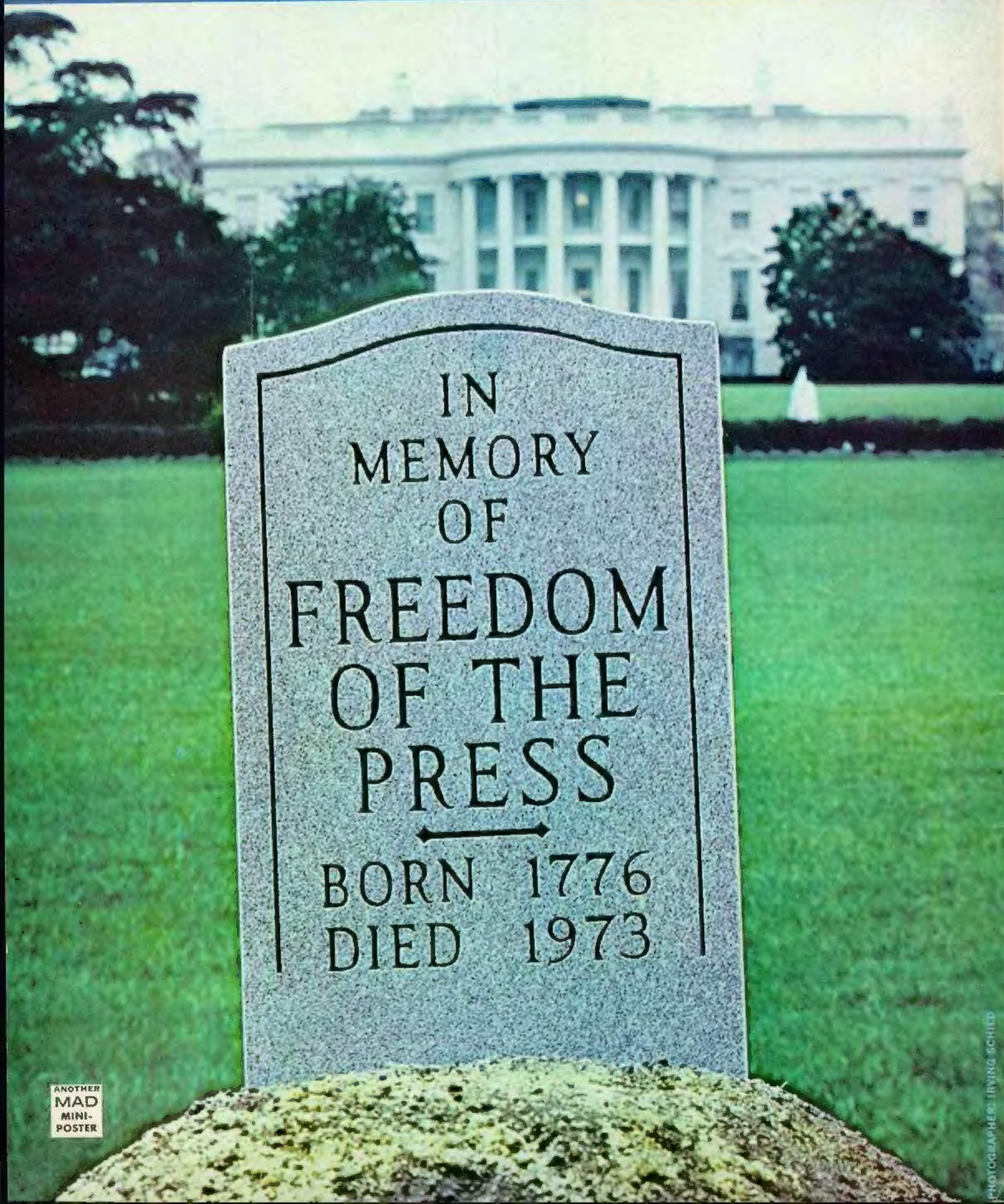
A ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THEY TAUGHT PALEFACE TO SMOKE

A▶◀B

IF IT WERE UP TO THE NIXON GANG...



ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER

PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD